

July 5, 1958

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

BLUE DENIM—June Walker, Chester Morris, and some interesting younger actors in a play by James Leo Herlihy and William Noble that assays about sixty per cent honest realism and forty per cent smooth staging. In this case, on the whole, an effective blend. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

THE DARK AT THE TOP OF THE STAIRS—Maybe William Inge has tried to crowd a little too much into his play about life in Oklahoma some three decades ago, but the drama is quite compelling just the same. Under Elia Kazan's direction, the cast, led by Teresa Wright, Pat Hingle, and Eileen Heckart, performs with notable skill. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

LOOK HOMEWARD, ANGEL—While Ketti Frings' adaptation of Thomas Wolfe's monumental novel has some of the faults inevitable in such a major condensation, it is still a work of unusual power and stature. Now with Miriam Hopkins and Ed Begley. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

ROMANOFF AND JULIET—Peter Ustinov's fantasy about love and confusion in one of those mythical kingdoms. Tom Poston has taken over from the author as the storm center of the commotion. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinee Friday, July 4.)

SAY, DARLING—Richard Bissell, Marian Bissell, and Abe Burrows have collaborated most felicitously on this play about the birth pains of a musical comedy. Mr. Bissell, of course, had a large hand in "The Pajama Game," of a couple of years ago, so the rest of the parallel should not be difficult to figure. Betty Comden, Adolph Green, and Jule Styne wrote the songs, and David Wayne, Vivian Blaine, and Johnny Desmond lead a fine big cast through their comic paces. (ANTA Theatre, 52nd St., W. CI 6-6270. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

SUNRISE AT CAMPOBELLO—Dore Scharf's play covering the three years between Franklin Roosevelt's crippling illness and his speech nominating Al Smith for the Presidency is excellent historical drama, written with unusual vigor and taste. Ralph Bellamy gives the season's most remarkable performance in the central role, and he is admirably supported by a cast that includes Mary Fickett, Henry Jones, Anne Seymour, and Alan Bunce. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

TWO FOR THE SEESAW—The complete cast of this drama by William Gibson consists of Dana Andrews (who has just replaced Henry Fonda) and Anne Bancroft, as a dreamy out-of-towner and a young lady from the Bronx. Mr. Gibson clearly has a sharp ability to reproduce authentic dialogue. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

THE VISIT—Maurice Valency's translation of Friedrich Duerrenmatt's play about a woman who wants a man killed, and the inhabitants of a village who are all quite willing to oblige her, is chillingly effective theatre. Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne are stunning as the victim and the vengeful lady. (Lunt-Fontanne, 46th St., W. JU 6-5555. Nightly at 8:40. Matinee Saturday at 2:40. Closes Saturday, July 5, for six weeks.)

WHO WAS THAT LADY I SAW YOU WITH?—Peter Lind Hayes, Mary Healy, and Larry Blyden head an expert cast in an expert, if highly



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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gymnastic, play by Norman Krasna. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

LONG RUNS—LOOK BACK IN ANGER: The chief figure in this play by John Osborne is a young man who is down on everything and everybody. In the current cast are Donald Madden and Susan Oliver. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30; special matinee Friday, July 4.)

MUSICALS

JAMAICA—Closed for six weeks; scheduled to reopen at the Imperial Theatre, 45th St., W., on Monday, Aug. 11.

THE MUSIC MAN—Meredith Willson's agreeable excursion into rural Iowa as it was forty-five years ago. Simple, amiable, and noisy, the musical stars Robert Preston, as a fast operator who is redeemed by contact with prairie honesty. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OH CAPTAIN!—This adaptation of the film called "The Captain's Paradise" might have aimed at a slightly higher level of humor, but it is still more than usually breezy and engaging. Al Morgan and José Ferrer furnished the book, Jay Livingston and Ray Evans turned out the songs, and Mr. Ferrer directed the cast, which includes Tony Randall, Abbe Lane, and Jacquelyn McKeever. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

LONG RUNS—BELLS ARE RINGING: A comedy involving Judy Holliday as a conscientious telephone-answering-service girl. (Shubert, 44th

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St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **LI'L ABNER**: A depiction of the dim-witted clothhoppers who populate Al Capp's cartoon strip. Peter Palmer and Wynne Miller portray Li'l Abner and his pursuer. (St. James, 14th St., W. LA 4-4664. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)... **MY FAIR LADY**: A musical adaptation of Shaw's "Pygmalion," in which Edward Mulhare now has the part of Professor Higgins, and Sally Ann Howes plays Eliza Doolittle. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **WEST SIDE STORY**: The story of Romeo and Juliet, restated in terms of a teen-age gang war. The cast includes Larry Kert, Carmen Alvarez, Carol Lawrence, Mickey Calin, and Ken LeRoy. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OFF BROADWAY

(Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is generally advisable.)

AMATO OPERA THEATRE—Starting Friday, July 4: "The Marriage of Figaro." (Amato Opera Theatre, 159 Bleecker St. GR 7-2844. Fridays through Sundays, and Thursday, July 10, at 8:15. Admission is free, but seats should be reserved in advance.)

THE BALD SOPRANO AND JACK—Two one-act plays by Eugene Ionesco. Included in the casts are Jenny Egan, Alfred Russell, and Phil Bruns. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Mondays through Fridays at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinees Thursdays at 2:30.)

BLOOD WEDDING—Federico Garcia Lorca's drama, with Dina Paisner, Adele Lamont, and Daniel Ades. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. OR 5-1036. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 9:45; and Sundays at 3 and 8:40. Special matinee Friday, July 4, at 3.)

THE BOY FRIEND—A revival of Sandy Wilson's musical. Ellen McCown and Gerianne Raphael are among those in it. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. CH 2-4468. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:45; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 3 and 8:30.)

CHILDREN OF DARKNESS—Peg Murray and Jack Cannon in a revival of a play by Edwin Justus Mayer. (Circle in the Square, 5 Sheridan Sq., east of Seventh Ave. OR 5-9437. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

COMIC STRIP—A comedy by George Panetta, with Peter Falk, Tom Fedi, Michael Constantine, and Loretta Fury. (Barbizon-Plaza Theatre, Sixth Ave. at 58th St. CI 7-1143. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinees Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

THE CRUCIBLE—A revival of Arthur Miller's play. Michael Higgins and Paul Stevens head the cast. (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056. Mondays through Fridays at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinees Friday, July 4, and Thursday, July 10, at 2:30.)

GARDEN DISTRICT—Two plays ("Something Unspoken" and "Suddenly Last Summer") make up this Tennessee Williams double bill. (York Playhouse, First Ave. at 64th St. TR 9-4130. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 6:30 and 9:30; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

GUESTS OF THE NATION—Frank O'Connor's short story, adapted and directed by Neil McKenzic. Edna St. Vincent Millay's "Aria da Capo" serves as a curtain-raiser. (Theatre Marquee, 110 E. 59th St. PL 3-2575. Tuesdays through Thursdays, and Saturdays, at 8:30, and Fridays and Sundays at 7:15 and 9:45.)

THE MAKING OF MOO—Betsy von Furstenberg, William Redfield, and David J. Stewart in a

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

play by Nigel Dennis. (Rita Allen Theatre, 120 Madison Ave., at 30th St. MU 9-5450. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

MRS. WARREN'S PROFESSION—Bernard Shaw's drama, with Eulalie Noble, Virginia Downing, and Michael Conrad. (Gate Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-8796. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 2:40.)

THE PLAYBOY OF THE WESTERN WORLD—The Irish Players presenting J. M. Synge's play, with Dermot McNamara, Helena Carroll, and Elspeth March. (Tara Theatre, 120 Madison Ave., at 30th St. MU 6-4950. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 2:40 and 8:40.)

THE THREEPENNY OPERA—The Kurt Weill opus, with an English libretto by Marc Blitzstein. In the cast are Gerald Price and Christiane Felsmann. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinees Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

ULYSSES IN NIGHTTOWN—An adaptation, by Padraic Colum, of a segment of James Joyce's novel "Ulysses." The cast includes Zero Mostel and Robert Brown. (Rooftop Theatre, Second Ave. at Houston St. AL 4-5475. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 6:30 and 9:30; and Sundays at 2:30 and 8:30.)

YOU NEVER CAN TELL—The second item in a Shaw festival, with William Landis, Del Tenney, and Mary Grant. (Downtown Theatre, 85 E. 4th St. GR 3-4412. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30; and Sundays at 2:30 and 7:30.)

MISCELLANY

NEW YORK SHAKESPEARE FESTIVAL—Free performances of "Othello," with William Marshall and Robert Geiringer. (Belvedere Tower, Central Park, at about 81st St. Thursday through Saturday, July 3-5, at 8:30.)

JONES BEACH MARINE THEATRE—A revival of "Song of Norway," involving a cast of some two hundred (headed by Stephen Douglass, Brenda Lewis, Robert Rounseville, Helena Scott, and Erik Rhodes), not to mention a seventy-foot Viking ship, a water ballet, an ice show, and fireworks. (Nightly at 8:30. For tickets, call JU 2-1619.)

THE SUMMER CIRCUIT

(A more or less arbitrary listing of summer theatres and their program schedules. Dates and billings are subject to frequent revision.)

ANDOVER—Through Saturday, July 5: Dennis Morgan and Wendy Barrie in "All About Love." Monday through Saturday, July 7-12: Eddie Bracken in "A Visit to a Small Planet." (Grist Mill Playhouse, Andover, N.J. Mondays through Fridays at 8:40, and Saturdays at 6 and 9. Matinees Wednesdays at 2:40.)

BEVERLY—Through Saturday, July 5: "The Most Happy Fella." Monday through Saturday, July 7-12: "Roberta." (North Shore Music-Theatre, Beverly, Mass. Mondays through Fridays at 8:30, and Saturdays at 5 and 9.)

CLINTON—Through Saturday, July 5: "The Happiest Millionaire." Monday through Saturday, July 7-12: "Cat on a Hot Tin Roof." (Clinton Playhouse, Clinton, Conn. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

COHASSET—Through Saturday, July 12: "Damn Yankees." (South Shore Music Circus, Cohasset, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2:30.)

DENNIS—Through Saturday, July 5: Shirley Booth in "Hay Fever." Monday through Saturday, July 7-12: Dody Goodman in "Dulcy." (Cape Playhouse, Dennis, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Thursdays at 2:30.)

EAST HAMPTON—Through Saturday, July 5: Ann Sheridan and Scott McKay in "Kind Sir." Monday through Saturday, July 7-12: Don Ameche in "Holiday for Lovers." (John Drew Theatre, East Hampton, L.I. Mondays through Fridays at 8:40, and Saturdays at 6 and 9. Matinees Wednesdays at 2:40.)

FALMOUTH—Through Saturday, July 5: Alfred Drake in "He Who Gets Slapped." Monday through Saturday, July 7-12: Jessica

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Tandy and Hume Cronyn in "Triple Play." (Falmouth Playhouse, Falmouth, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Fridays at 2:30.)

FISHKILL—Through Sunday, July 6: "No Time for Sergeants." Tuesday through Sunday, July 8-13: "The Teahouse of the August Moon." (Cecilwood Theatre, Fishkill, N.Y. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Thursdays at 2:15.)

FITCHBURG—Through Saturday, July 5: "The More the Merrier." Monday through Saturday, July 7-12: "Cat on a Hot Tin Roof." (Lake Whalom Playhouse, Fitchburg, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2:20.)

HYANNIS—Through Saturday, July 12: "Damn Yankees." (Cape Cod Melody Tent, Hyannis, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Thursdays at 2:30.)

IVORYTON—Through Saturday, July 5: "No Time for Sergeants." Monday through Saturday, July 7-12: James Mason and Pamela Kellino in "Mid-Summer." (Ivoryton Playhouse, Ivoryton, Conn. Mondays through Fridays at 8:45, and Saturdays at 6 and 9:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2:45.)

KENNEBUNKPORT—Through Saturday, July 5: "La Périochole," in English. Wednesday through Saturday, July 9-12: "Guys and Dolls." (Arundel Opera Theatre, Kennebunkport, Maine. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:40.)

LAMBERTVILLE—Through Sunday, July 6: "Song of Norway." Tuesday through Sunday, July 8-13: "Fledermaus." (Lambertville Music Circus, Lambertville, N.J. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 6 and 9:30; and Sundays at 8.)

MAHOPAC—Through Sunday, July 6: "The Diary of Anne Frank." Wednesday through Sunday, July 9-13: "A Visit to a Small Planet." (Putnam County Playhouse, Mahopac, N.Y. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8:40, and Saturdays and Sundays at 6:15 and 9:15.)

MATUNUCK—Through Saturday, July 5: Bert Lahr in "A Visit to a Small Planet." Monday through Saturday, July 7-12: Alfred Drake in "He Who Gets Slapped." (Theatre-by-the-Sea, Matunuck, R.I. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

MILLBURN—"Damn Yankees." (Paper Mill Playhouse, Millburn, N.J. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 8.

Matinees Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

MONMOUTH—The American Savoyards in a ten-week repertory. Through Saturday, July 5: "Musical Threesome." Monday through Saturday, July 7-12: "H.M.S. Pinafore." (Gilbert and Sullivan Festival Theatre, Monmouth, Maine. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

MOUNTAINHOME—Through Saturday, July 5: Menasha Skulnik in "Uncle Willie." Monday through Saturday, July 7-12: Victor Jory in "The Happiest Millionaire." (Pocono Playhouse, Mountainhome, Pa. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

NEW HOPE—Through Saturday, July 12: "Season in the Sun." (Bucks County Playhouse, New Hope, Pa. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

OGUNQUIT—Through Saturday, July 5: Jessica Tandy and Hume Cronyn in "Triple Play." Monday through Saturday, July 7-12: Claude Dauphin and Lili Darvas in "The Waltz of the Toreadors." (Ogunquit Playhouse, Ogunquit, Maine. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Fridays at 2:45.)

PAWLING—Through Sunday, July 6: "A Visit to a Small Planet." Tuesday through Sunday, July 8-13: "The Happiest Millionaire." (Starlight Theatre, Pawling, N.Y. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinees Wednesdays at 2:30.)

PETERBOROUGH—Through Saturday, July 12: "King of Hearts." (Peterborough Players, Peterborough, N.H. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:40.)

SARATOGA SPRINGS—Through Saturday, July 5: Hermione Gingold and Carol Bruce in "Fallen Angels." Monday through Saturday, July 7-12: Basil Rathbone and Geraldine Page in "Separate Tables." (Spa Summer Theatre, Saratoga Springs, N.Y. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

SKOWHEGAN—Through Saturday, July 5: "The Remarkable Mr. Pennypacker." Monday through Saturday, July 7-12: Ella Logan in "Maggie," a new musical play. (Lakewood Theatre, Skowhegan, Maine. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:15. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

STOCKBRIDGE—Through Saturday, July 5: "Separate Tables." Monday through Saturday, July 7-12: "The Matchmaker." (Berkshire Playhouse, Stockbridge, Mass. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:45. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

STRATFORD—"A Midsummer Night's Dream," with June Havoc, Hiram Sherman, and Inga Swenson: Thursday, July 3, at 8:30; Saturday, July 5, at 8:30; Sunday, July 6, at 3; Tuesday, July 8, at 8:30; Wednesday, July 9, at 8:30; and Friday and Saturday, July 11-12, at 8:30. "Hamlet," with Fritz Weaver, Geraldine Fitzgerald, and Morris Carnovsky: Friday, July 4, at 8; Saturday, July 5, at 2:30; Wednesday, July 9, at 2:30; Thursday, July 10, at 8; and Saturday, July 12, at 2:30. (American Shakespeare Festival Theatre, Stratford, Conn. For tickets, call CI 5-3110.)

WALLINGFORD—Through Sunday, July 6: Patricia Morison in "The King and I." Monday through Saturday, July 7-12: Larry Parks and Betty Garrett in "The Tender Trap." (Oakdale Musical Theatre, Wallingford, Conn. Mondays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 5 and 9:30; and Sunday, July 6, at 8.)

WESTBURY—Through Sunday, July 6: Ronny Graham in "Damn Yankees." Starting Tuesday, July 8: Gypsy Rose Lee in "Happy Hunting." (Westbury Music Fair, Westbury, L.I. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 6 and 9:30; and Sundays at 8.)

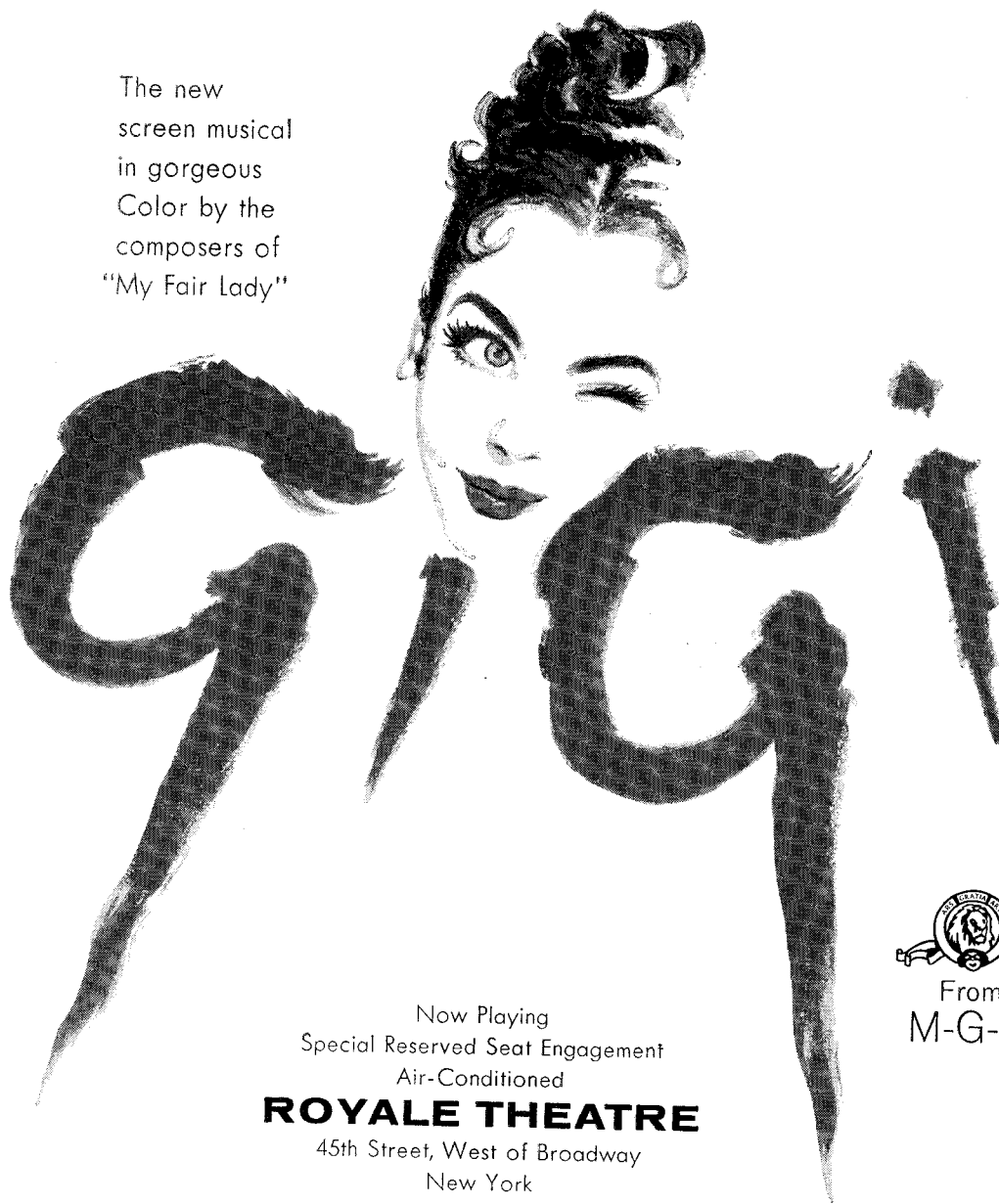
WESTPORT—Through Saturday, July 5: Faye Emerson in "Tonight at 8:30." Monday through Saturday, July 7-12: Burgess Meredith in "The Remarkable Mr. Pennypacker." (Westport Country Playhouse, Westport, Conn. Mondays through Fridays at 8:40, and Saturdays at 6 and 9. Matinees Wednesdays at 2:40. For tickets, call CO 5-6179.)

WOODSTOCK—Through Sunday, July 6: "Cat on



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Opening July 10th at PARAMOUNT, Los Angeles, and July 24th at TOWNE CINEMA, Toronto, Canada. All reserved seat engagements.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

a Hot Tin Roof." Tuesday through Sunday, July 8-13: "The Entertainer." (Woodstock Playhouse, Woodstock, N.Y. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:40, and Sundays at 7:30.)

NOTE—The Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival is presenting programs of ballet and modern and ethnic dancing. Through Saturday, July 5: Mia Slavenska and André Eglevsky, Pauline Koner and her company, and Shrimathi Gina. Tuesday through Saturday, July 8-12: Tania Karina and Oleg Sabline; Donald Sadler and his company, with Maria Karnilova; and Lotte Goslar. (Lee, Mass. Tuesdays and Wednesdays at 9; Thursdays at 4; and Fridays and Saturdays at 4 and 9. For tickets, call PE 6-6400.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

EL MOROCCO, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—They haven't quite finished paving the floor with gold, but the end is in sight. Freddy Alonso's rumba band and Joe D'Orsi's orchestra never pause for breath. Closed Saturdays and Sundays and Friday, July 4.

PIERRE, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—A small outfit, practically always Stanley Worth's, plays for dancing night after night in the Café Pierre from cocktails through supper. Renato Rossini, whose guitar makes Latin seem anything but a dead language, intervenes once in a while. His night of rest is Sunday.

PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—After eight-thirty in the Rendez-Vous, which is to the manner born, the orchestras of Maximilian Bergere and Gunnar Hansen sprint from one familiar tune to another. Closed Sundays.

ROOSEVELT, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—In the Grill, Lennie Herman's orchestra is champing at the bit. Closed Sundays and Friday, July 4.

ST. REGIS ROOF, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Up above the world so high is this land of milk (well, Liebfraumilch) and honey (the small dance ensembles of Milt Shaw and Ray Bari). Closed Sundays and Friday, July 4.

SAVOY HILTON, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—Irving Conn's orchestra has squatters' rights on the Café Lounge, where it saws away for any random dancers in the late afternoon and in the evening.

SHERATON-EAST, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—In the Embassy Club, a decorator's delight, Chauncey Gray's orchestra and a rumba band play, after nine, for dancing. There's dinner music earlier, and the place is closed Sundays and Mondays.

TAVERN-ON-THE-GREEN, Central Park W. at 67th St. (SC 4-8100)—On an open-air terrace next door to what passes in this town for a green pasture, Milton Saunders' orchestra and Monchito's Caribbean band tootle away for dear life and for dancing after eight on weekdays and after seven Sundays, courtesy of the Weather Bureau. Closed Mondays.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Los Chavales de España, a fine body of men, are on the Starlight Roof, casting impassioned Iberian words, music, and sheep's eyes at the guests. Luis Tamayo is the most imperious of these hidalgos, Trini Reyes (of the flying feet) is their mascot. Nothing doing Sundays. . . . Weekdays, be-

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tween eight and one, a group run by Jozsi Ribari plunks down music for listening in the opulent reaches of Peacock Alley. Sundays, from eight to twelve, Béla Babai's band provides music for dancing.

NOTE—At the pinnacle of one of Ilium's topless towers is the Rainbow Room, which serves as a lounge (from four-thirty to nine except Sundays) where cocktails are provided. From any window table, you can watch what's left of old New York being torn limb from limb while Joseph Sudy's not very solemn trio plays martyr music. The address is 30 Rockefeller Plaza, the phone CI 6-5800.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

DRAKE ROOM, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): The old order (which happens to be a good one) never changes—the piano of Addison Bailey, who has been the cocktail, dinner, and supper music master here for many years, presiding over a bit of formal gardening that is almost Regency in feeling. Jim Mahoney is the Sunday handyman. . . . **LITTLE CLUB**, 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): Designed and operated for those who are up at the crack of the sunset gun. Music for the setting-up exercises is made by the piano of Al Mello, which starts at eight. Closed Mondays. . . .

GOLDIE'S NEW YORK, 232 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): Goldie Hawkins' general store, which has certain attributes of a bar-and-grill, stays open late for the benefit of the neighborhood youngsters. Mr. Hawkins sits at one of the two pianos, the other of which is staffed by Wayne Sanders. They're in action, singly or in tandem, from five until curfew. Late at night, there are apt to be non-scheduled flights of fancy by the guests. Closed Thursday through Sunday, July 3-6. . . . **RSVP**, 145 E. 55th St. (EL 5-0250): Mabel Mercer, singing songs that are fraught with ambivalence; that is to say, (1) love is where you find it, and (2) you'd better put it right back where you found it. Sam Hamilton, her lifelong equerry, is her pianist. Miss Mercer starts around ten. Closed Sundays. . . . **IN ROSSI**, 1591 Second Ave. at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): The Florentine gardens the name brings to mind are present only in spirit, but everything tangible is Florentine in actuality, including the *padrone*, Arturo Sacco, for fifteen years viceroy of the Blue Angel. Pelucid piano decorates the premises from dinner until a fairly wee hour. After the theatre, Dean Sheldon unwinds his tenor. Closed Mondays. . . . **WEYLIN**, 40 E. 54th St. (PL 3-4907): Sooner or later, everyone comes back through this crossroads-of-the-world restaurant, and, sure enough, Cy Walter, of the light, fantastic fingers, is again at play on the piano from six to eight and from ten to one or two every night but Sunday. . . . **MONSIGNORE**, 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): The noblest Romans of them all are concerned with the well-being of the guests' taste buds, and Teo Fanidi's mobile unit of string musicians is concerned with the well-being of the guests' ears. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHATEAU HENRI IV**, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): The table-side violin of the ageless Norbert Faconi is the main event in a household full of reminders of the days when knighthood was in flower. He is onstage after eight-thirty every

night but Sunday. . . . **EL CHICO**, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Spain the way it was when Carmen had a day off from the cigarette factory; i.e., plenty of regional singing and prancing, some of it by the customers. Closed Sundays. . . . **LA ZAMBRA**, 14 E. 60th St. (EL 5-4774): This little Spanish town and its minute conservatory of indigenous instrumental harmonies begin a summer leave of absence at close of business on Thursday, July 3. . . . **LEFT BANK**, 309 W. 50th St. (CI 7-3470): The farthest west, and the farthest out, of the town's art galleries. Hemmed in by an exhibit of oils you're unlikely to see anywhere else is Johnnie LaSalle's quartet, an outfit full of life but inclined to wax sentimental. It starts at ten. Closed Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE**, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): The living is easy, and the landscaping is all that an urban eye could wish. The major punctuation is piano by George Feyer, who uses the *accent aigu*, rather than the *accent grave*, from eight-thirty until one-thirty or two. Closed Friday through Sunday, July 4-6. . . . **WAVERLY LOUNGE**, 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Laurie Brewis, the bounding Loudoner, is at the piano in the completely unassuming bar of the Hotel Earle, displaying his transatlantic repertory, largely Anglo-Saxon and New York. He gets going at nine. Mondays are his holidays. . . . **CHAMPAGNE GALLERY**, 135 Macdougall St. (GR 7-9221): Armchairs and chaise longues arranged in a manner conducive to conversation, instead of mass participation, and looking unmistakably like Greenwich Village. Someone is usually at the piano. . . . **NINO'S TEN EAST**, 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 1-0845): In the taproom, an ornate nook in an ornate restaurant, there's reasonably cheerful piano by Jules Kuti from five to eleven. Closed Sundays. . . . **CARLTON HOUSE**, Madison Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-3000): The bar, a mixture of executive suite, board room, and peacock alley, has piano from five-thirty to eight, and again from nine to twelve-thirty, every day but Sunday. Closed Friday, July 4. . . . **CASANOVA**, 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (TR 9-8113): Candelabra to the left, candelabra to the right, bobbing violinists, and occasionally a sturdy Italian operatic tenor down front, all of which makes for a birthday-party mood. Closed Sundays.

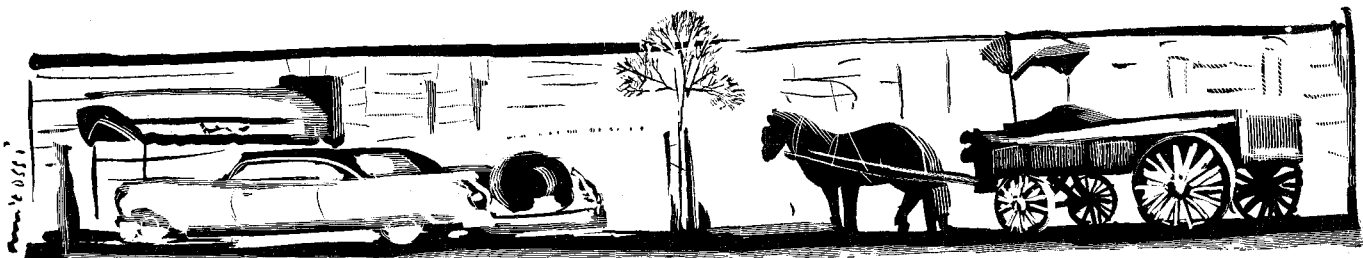
BIG AND BRASSY

LATIN QUARTER, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1737): Misses' underwear, bathing suits, and negligees, as well as enough misses to occupy them. The occasion is a good old-fashioned extravaganza, by turn musical, acrobatic, scenic, and Dionysian. Kathryn Grayson (song) is principal girl, Jack Durant (jokes) is principal boy. Dancing.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): Orson Bean and Dorothy Loudon, who've been known to convert an audience into laughing hyenas at the wave of a word, will be putting up the shutters here on Thursday, July 3. The room will reopen on Monday, July 7, with Mike Nichols and Elaine May, experts at woolgathering, contrapuntal conversations, and ploys; the aforesaid Miss Loudon; the Buffalo Bills; the "Music Man's" barbershop quartet; and Reneaux, a palmetist who can make a dozen doves grow where none grew before. The new-era Jimmy Lyons trio (Jim Raney and Beverly Peer are his aides) and the piano of Bart Howard will operate both before and after the holiday. . . . In the front room, which will also close



Friday through Sunday, July 4-6, Alex Fogarty strokes his sociable piano for a boy-and-girl clientele at cocktail and dinner time, and there's a rantipole session by the Lyons group from 2 to 4 A.M. ... **ONE FIFTH AVENUE**, Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): Something new—a triad of entertainers called the Troupers—inhabits the bar, and provides most of the talk and all of the singing. Bob Downey and Harold Fonville, those familiar faces, never stray far from their twin pianos. Sundays, there are silent movies and no Troupers. ... **BAQ ROOM**, 1362 Sixth Ave., at 55th St. (CI 7-0107): To the rear, march, when you get inside the Midtown Café, and you'll enter a modest conversation piece in which dwell Janice Mars, a crystal-clear and unmannered singer of songs of passion and songs of dalliance, and Baldwin Bergerson, composer of the same genre, as well as pianist of the evening. They lay off Sundays. ... **SHOWPLACE**, 146 W. 4th St. (AL 4-5648): Up one flight of stairs, in a space no bigger than a hall bedroom, four young folk (the best of them a nightingale named Fia Karin) romp through a series of skits endowed with a fair amount of common sense and airy nonsense. Performances at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty; closed Sundays and Mondays.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC (No dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): Two survivors of the classic Summa Cum Laude Band are pitted in fraternal fracas every night but Sunday. One is Eddie Condon, supported by Rex Stewart, George Wettling, Gene Schroeder, Cutty Cutshall, Leonard Gaskin, and Herb Hall. The other is Bud Freeman, operating an exultant saxophone and a trio that includes Mousie Alexander. The bone of contention is the virtues of Dixie-style, Chicago-style, and Manhattan-style jazz. ... **VILLAGE VANGUARD**, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Carmen McRae, aided and abetted by a group that has Don Abney on piano, makes miraculous cat's-cradles out of her lyrics. Randy Weston's trio, a believer in progressive music, is the party of the second part. Sundays there are matinees at four as well as evening sessions. Closed Mondays. ... **ROUNDTABLE**, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310): Another assembly hall for America's most famous native industry. The décor, which ranges from Louis XIV to Joe E. Lewis, may leave you breathless. Barbara Carroll, the fairest of them all, decorates the podium, the piano, and her trio (progress interlaced with compassion) when Eddie Heywood and his two sidemen aren't tending strictly to their business, which is rhythm. The place is open every night but Sunday. ... **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 53 W. 52nd St. (JU 6-0800): Venerable trouper, such as Sidney de Paris, Wilbur de Paris, Omer Simeon, Lee Blair, and Wilber Kirk, are clattering away in an effort to prove that the old way of doing things is the best way. Don Frye is the solo pianist. Closed Sundays; jam sessions Mondays. ... **THE COMPOSER**, 68 W. 58th St. (PL 0-6683): At the back end of this little school of modern thought, one can choose between the trio of Bernard Peiffer, busily adapting many a brilliant classicist figure to the methodology of jazz piano, and the trio of Jimmy Giuffre (Bob Brookmeyer and Jim Hall are his helpmeets), which often brings a brooding, mourning-dove quality to bear on its musings. The Giuffres will stay home Sunday, the Peiffers will stay home Monday. On Thursday, July 10, Marian McPartland's threesome will assume the Giuffre portfolio. The cocktail classes in introspective piano, which run until eight, are supervised by Johnny Mehegan, who performs every day but Sunday. ... **NICK'S**, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): The Pee Wee Erwin band, which has hot feet, is completely at home on this range. Jam sessions on Sunday afternoons. Closed Mondays. ... **BIRDLAND**, 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-7333): A stadium filled with spectator sportsmen of fierce absorption. On the bandstand right now are Dinah Washington, a durable songbird whose characteristic notes are incontrovertibly hers; Cal Tjader's quintet; and the Mitchell-Ruff duo, which makes impressive and beautiful use of a French horn. The regulars are on leave Mondays, which are visitors' nights. ... **HICKORY HOUSE**, 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Toshiko Akiyoshi, a native of Japan who plays new-school piano

like a native of Birdland, is showing her trio to great advantage inside the oval bar. Zero hour is nine-thirty, and there is no action Mondays. ... **METROPOLE**, Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (CI 5-0088): Battledore and shuttlecock, without regard for the rules of Hoyle, is offered by such aged-in-the-vat minstrels as Coleman Hawkins, Roy Eldridge, Red Allen, Sol Yaged, Cozy Cole, Buster Bailey, Marty Napoleon, Tony Parenti, and Vic Dickenson. The cannonade is just about continuous from 3 P.M. to 3 A.M. Mondays through Fridays. Saturdays and Sundays, from 1:30 P.M. on, the Messrs. Parenti, Eldridge, and Napoleon hold a group discussion with Zutty Singleton, Pee Wee Erwin, and Charlie Shavers. Very warm, all in all, even for Dixie. ... **CENTRAL PLAZA**, 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): Youth therapy, performed loud and offhand. The establishment, a weekend operation, will present on Friday and Saturday, July 4-5, a thundering herd in which the Conrad Janis Tailgaters, Gene Sedric, Dick Wellstood, Tony Parenti, Willie the Lion Smith, Freddie Moore, and Panama Francis should be audible, and even visible. ... **THE EMBERS**, 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): More an open forum than a listening post nowadays. The professional portion of the noise is the result of a trio led by Teddy Wilson, the most successful practitioner of the unflagging Teddy Wilson method of pianism, and a quartet headed by Jonah Jones, who grows fairly high on the trumpet vine. Sundays are catch-as-catch-can bouts between extra hands. There's also cocktail and dinner piano every evening. ... **CAFÉ BOHEMIA**, 15 Barrow St. (CH 3-9274): Even if you buy a program, you can't always tell the players, but it's rumored that Sam Donahue's quartet and Bobby Scott's solo piano are in residence. Sundays are early days, from five until midnight. Closed Tuesdays. ... **HALF NOTE**, 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-0752): The Lee Konitz quartet, which includes Warne Marsh on saxophone, is taking time by the forelock and yanking it well into the future. Mondays, the room is dark. ... **FIVE SPOT**, 5 Cooper Sq. (GR 7-0650): Greenwich Village of "The Iceman Cometh" period and décor, but full of questing youth. The accompanying jazz, which is over the hills and far away, comes from the quintet of Thelonious Monk, whose office hours are rarely the same on two consecutive evenings. Mondays are assigned to Mal Waldron's band. ... **GOTHIC ROOM**, 237 Madison Ave., at 37th St. (OR 9-2782): A foursome of innocent wayfarers known as the Commuters make dance music, and a girl named Helen Streiff warbles with heart and soul after ten in the evening. They stand beside a parquet of cozy dimensions that adorns the ground floor of the Hotel Duane. Closed Friday through Sunday, July 4-6.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 to between 5 and 6. They will all be closed Friday, July 4.)

GALLERIES

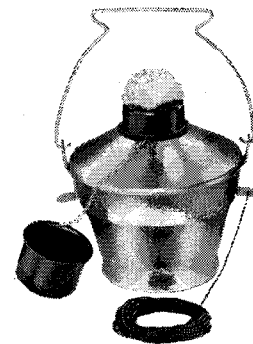
THE THREE UTRILLOS—Paintings by Maurice Utrillo; his mother, Suzanne Valadon; and his widow, Lucie Valore. Through Aug. 29. (Hammer, 51 E. 57th St.)

AMERICANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **ALAN**, 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St.: Paintings, drawings, and sculptures by, among others, Jack Levine, Yutaka Ohashi, and Richard Hunt; through July 31. (Mondays through Fridays, 1 to 5.) ... **CONTEMPORARY ARTS**, 802 Lexington Ave., at 62nd St.: The eleventh annual traveling exhibition, consisting of paintings by Margit Beck, William Chaiken, Tom Clancy, and others; through July 31. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5:30; Monday evenings, 8:30 to 10:30.) ... **GRAND CENTRAL**, 15 Vanderbilt Ave., at 43rd St.: A summer exhibition of paintings and sculptures by such artists as Nancy Ellen Craig, Hovsep Pushman, and John Costigan; through Sept. 26. ... **GRAND CENTRAL MODERNS**, 1018 Madison Ave., at 70th St.: The gallery group (painters and sculptors), including Byron Browne, Seong Moy, and Hugo Robus; through Aug. 29. ... **KNOEDLER**, 14 E. 57th St.: Portraits, 1755-1815, by James Peale, Gilbert Stuart, Thomas Sully, and others; through July 31. ... **KRAUSHAAR**, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: Still-life paintings by artists of the early nineteen-hundreds, as well as by con-

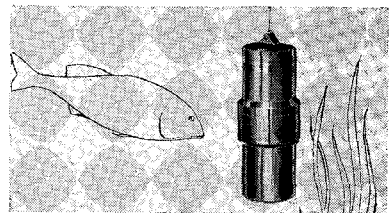


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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

temporary artists (Maurice Prendergast, William Glackens, John Heliker, and so on); through July 25. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 4:30.)... **NORDNESS**, 700 Madison Ave., at 62nd St.: A mixed-mediums exhibit, with works by eleven artists, among them Mitchell Siporin, Karl Zerbe, and Abbott Pattison; through Aug. 29.... **SALPETER**, 42 E. 57th St.: Paintings and drawings by Harry Crowley, Paul Riba, and other gallery artists; through July 27. (Weekdays, 11 to 5:30.)... **BERTHA SCHAEFFER**, 32 E. 57th St.: John Grillo, Boris Aronson, Joseph Konzal, and others, each represented by a single painting or sculpture; through Aug. 29.

AMERICANS AND EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **DURLACHER**, 11 E. 57th St.: Paintings by Hyman Bloom, Leonid, Ben Nicholson, and others; through July 25.... **FINE ARTS ASSOCIATES**, 41 E. 57th St.: Matisse, Kirchner, David Smith, and other painters and sculptors; through July 25.... **WILDENSTEIN**, 19 E. 64th St.: Drawings and water colors over the years, from fifteenth-century French and Italian works to present-day American ones, and including examples by Delacroix, Boucher, Fragonard, and Homer; through July 31.... **WORLD HOUSE**, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.: Paintings, drawings, and sculptures by artists ranging from Rodin to Morandi; through Aug. 30. (Open Saturdays.)

JAPANESE; GROUP SHOW—Kenzo Okada, Genichiro Inokuma, Tadashi Sato, and four other painters; through July 31. (Graham, Third Floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

CHINESE FOLK ART—Nineteenth-century block prints, lavishly hand-colored and vividly illustrative of the everyday life of the period; through Oct. 17. (Meltzer, 38 W. 57th St. Mondays through Fridays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUMS

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—Prints by Jacques Callot (1592-1635) and Honoré Daumier (1808-1879); through Sept. 1.... A summer loan exhibition of paintings from private collections; through Sept. 1. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Friday, July 4, from 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—The Museum will be closed until early fall for carpentry and such.

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—Paintings, sculptures, and graphics by artists living or teaching in Brooklyn and Long Island (John von Wicht, Sidney Gordin, and Aubrey Schwartz, to mention a few); through Sept. 1. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Friday, July 4, from 1 to 5.)

SOLOMON R. GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 7 E. 72nd St.—About twenty recently acquired paintings, sculptures, and drawings by Maillol, Paolozzi, Miró, and others; through Aug. 3. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

JEWISH MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Approximately thirty paintings (landscapes, still-lives, and figures) by younger-generation Israeli artists; through July 15. (Mondays through Thursdays, 1 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

MUSEUM OF CONTEMPORARY CRAFTS, 29 W. 53rd St.—A display of ceramics, textiles, enamels, and wood and metal work by craftsmen under thirty from across the country; through Sept. 14. (Weekdays, except Friday, July 4, noon to 6; Sundays, 2 to 6.)

MUSEUM OF PRIMITIVE ART, 15 W. 54th St.—"African Sculpture Lent by New York Collectors," a show containing some sixty figures, masks, and ceremonial objects, made of bronze, wood, straw, beads, and shells; through Oct. 19. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 22 W. 54th St.—From the Museum's permanent collection, a selection of paintings, sculptures, and drawings by, among others, George Bellows, Eugene Speicher, Ad Reinhardt, and Isamu Noguchi; through Sept. 14. (Daily, except Friday, July 4, from 1 to 5.)

IN THE COUNTRY

MANCHESTER, VT. Southern Vermont Art Center: Works in various mediums by invited artists, including Louis Bouché, Andrée Ruelan, and Moses Soyer; starting Friday, July 4. (Opening day, 2 to 5; thereafter daily,

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
6	7	8	9	10	11	12

except Mondays, 10 to 5.)... **NEWPORT, R. I.** Art Association of Newport: The forty-seventh annual exhibition of contemporary American art (all mediums) and "New Generation Painters" (oils and water colors); through July 20. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Friday, July 4, from 2 to 5.)... **OGUNQUIT, MAINE.** Ogunquit Art Association: Paintings, sculptures, and prints by Edward Betts, David von Schlegell, John Laurent, and others; through July 29. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.)... **Ogunquit Art Center:** Gladys Rockmore Davis, Gordon Grant, and Xavier Gonzalez are among the artists represented in a showing of oils, water colors, and temperas; through Sept. 1. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Friday, July 4, from 2 to 5.)... **PROVINCETOWN, MASS.** HCE Gallery: Oils by among others, Milton Avery, Victor Candell, and Angelo Ippolito; through Monday, July 7. Oils by Stephen Pace; starting Tuesday, July 8. (Daily, 11 to 6 and 8 to 10.)... **Provincetown Art Association:** The first show of their forty-fourth season includes paintings, drawings, and sculptures by such artists as Jerry Farnsworth, Morris Davidson, and Seong Moy; through July 26. (Weekdays, 10 to 6 and 7 to 10; Sundays, 2 to 6.)... **SOUTHAMPTON, L.I.** Parrish Art Museum: American primitive paintings from the seventeenth century to the present; through July 27. (Weekdays, 10 to 12 and 1 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

MUSIC

STADIUM CONCERTS—The Stadium Symphony Orchestra—Thursday, July 3: Pierre Monteux conducting, with Zino Francescatti, violin.... Saturday, July 5: The Stadium will be given over to a jazz program by Louis Armstrong and his All-Stars, Lionel Hampton and his orchestra, and Anita O'Day and her trio.... Monday, July 7: Thomas Scherman conducting an all-Rachmaninoff program, with Benno Moiseiwitsch, piano.... Tuesday, July 8: Thomas Scherman conducting an all-Wagner program, with Heidi Krall, soprano, and Albert Da Costa, tenor.... Wednesday, July 9: Thomas Scherman conducting a Franck-Mozart program, with Henri Deering, piano.... Thursday, July 10: Thomas Scherman conducting an all-Tchaikovsky program, with Mischa Elman, violin.... Saturday, July 12: Alexander Smallens conducting a Gershwin concert, with Eugene List, piano; Camilla Williams, soprano; and Lawrence Winters, baritone. (Lewisohn Stadium, Amsterdam Ave. at 138th St. AD 4-5800. Tickets are also available at the Steinway Hall box office, 113 W. 57th St., CI 7-5534. Evenings at 8:30; through Saturday, Aug. 2. In the event of threatening weather, last-minute plans are broadcast at 5, 6, and 7 P.M. over WNYC and at 7:05 P.M. over WQXR.)

CENTRAL PARK MALL CONCERTS—Richard Franko



Goldman conducting the Goldman Band in this summer's series of Guggenheim Memorial Concerts. (Sundays, Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, except July 4, at 8:30; through Friday, Aug. 15.)... Tibor Serly conducting the Naumburg Symphony Orchestra, with Seymour Benstock, cello. (Friday, July 4, at 8:30.)

SALMAGGI OUTDOOR OPERA—"Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Pagliacci." (Downing Stadium, Randalls Island. Saturday, July 5, at 8:45. For tickets, call LA 4-3900.)

JAZZ CONCERT—A free concert by Lionel Hampton and his orchestra. (East River Park Amphitheatre, East River Dr. near Grand Street. Thursday, July 10, at 8:30.)

IN THE COUNTRY

BERKSHIRE FESTIVAL—Friday, July 4, at 8:30: Charles Munch conducting a chamber orchestra made up of Boston Symphony musicians in an all-Bach program, with Doriot Anthony Dwyer, flute.... Saturday, July 5, at 8:30: Charles Munch conducting the chamber orchestra in another all-Bach program, with Lukas Foss, piano.... Sunday, July 6, at 2:30: G. Wallace Woodworth directing the Boston Symphony in Bach's B-Minor Mass, with Adele Addison, soprano; Eunice Alberts, contralto; Blake Stern, tenor; Donald Gramm, bass-baritone; the Harvard Glee Club; and the Radcliffe Choral Society.... Wednesday, July 9, at 8:30: A chamber-music concert by the Beaux Arts Trio.... Friday, July 11, at 8:30: Charles Munch conducting the chamber orchestra in an all-Mozart program, with Ruth Posselt, violin, and Joseph de Pasquale, viola.... Saturday, July 12, at 8:30: Charles Munch conducting the chamber orchestra in another all-Mozart program, with Seymour Lipkin and Lukas Foss, piano.... Sunday, July 13, at 2:30: Charles Munch and Hugh Ross directing the chamber orchestra and a chorus in a final all-Mozart program, with Seymour Lipkin, piano. (Tanglewood, Lenox, Mass. Through Sunday, Aug. 10.)

BERKSHIRE MUSIC BARN—Jazz and folk concerts—Friday, July 4, at 8:30: The Dave Brubeck quartet.... Saturday, July 5, at 3:30: A program of folk songs by Odetta.... Sunday, July 6, at 8:30: Duke Ellington and his orchestra.... Thursday, July 10, at 8:30: West Indian night.... Saturday, July 12, at 3:30: Tony Scott's quintet (jazz), with Langston Hughes (poetry).... Sunday, July 13, at 8:30: Lionel Hampton and his orchestra. (Lenox, Mass.)

CASTLE HILL CONCERTS—Friday and Saturday, July 4-5: Duke Ellington and his orchestra.... Friday and Saturday, July 11-12: Leonard Rose, cello, and Jean Dancereau, piano. (Ipswich, Mass. Evenings at 8:30.)

CHAUTAUQUA—Walter Hendl conducting the Chautauqua Symphony Orchestra in the opening performances of a season that will run through Wednesday, Aug. 20—Saturday, July 5, at 8:30: No soloists.... Sunday, July 6, at 3: With Ozan Marsh, piano.... Tuesday, July 8, at 8:30: With Laszlo Varga, cello.... Wednesday, July 9, at 8:30: A program of Viennese music, with Muriel Kilby, piano, and others.... Saturday, July 12, at 8:30: With Miles Nekolny, baritone. (Chautauqua, N.Y.)

MUSIC MOUNTAIN—The Berkshire Quartet in a series of chamber-music concerts. (Falls Village, Conn. Sundays at 4.)

NEWPORT JAZZ FESTIVAL—Thursday, July 3, at 8:30: Duke Ellington and his orchestra, Mahalia Jackson, Dave Brubeck's quartet, Paul Desmond, Marian McPartland's trio, Miles Davis's sextet, Cannonball Adderley, Gerry Mulligan, Rex Stewart, and others.... Friday, July 4, at 10: "The Origin and Nature of the Blues," a free lecture (with band), by S. I. Hayakawa.... Friday, July 4, at 2:30: The International Youth Band, conducted by Marshall Brown; Jimmy Giuffrè's trio; and others.... Friday, July 4, at 8:30: Benny Goodman and his orchestra.... Saturday, July 5, at 10: "The Jazz Dance," a free lecture (with dancers), by Marshall Stearns.... Saturday, July 5, at 2:30: Herb Pomeroy's orchestra, Don Butterfield's trio, Bernard Peiffer, Willie the Lion Smith, and Julia Lee.... Saturday, July 5, at 8:30: Gerry Mulligan's quartet,

Pee Wee Russell, Joe Turner, Pete Johnson, Art Farmer, Jack Teagarden, Jo Jones, Buck Clayton, Georgie Auld, Dakota Staton, Maynard Ferguson's orchestra, Mahalia Jackson, and others. . . . Sunday, July 6, at 2:30: Sonny Rollins' trio, Billy Taylor's trio, Thelonious Monk, Horace Silver's quintet, Georgie Auld, Anita O'Day, Lee Konitz, Sal Salvador, Les Jazz Modes, and others. . . . Sunday, July 6, at 8:30: Louis Armstrong and his All-Stars, the International Youth Band, Dinah Washington, George Shearing's quintet, Jack Teagarden, Bobby Hackett, Max Roach, Chris Connor, Urbie Green, Terry Gibbs, Don Elliott, and others. (Freebody Park, Newport, R.I. For tickets, call LA 4-3626.)

SOUTHERN VERMONT ART CENTER—Sunday, July 6, at 3:30: André Eglevsky and Mia Slavenska, with dancers from the New York City Ballet. . . . Monday, July 7, at 8: Louis Armstrong and his All-Stars. (Manchester, Vt.)

SPORTS

BASEBALL—At Yankee Stadium—Yankees vs. Boston, Saturday, July 5, at 8, and Sunday, July 6, at 2. . . . Yankees vs. Cleveland, Wednesday, July 9, at 8; Thursday, July 10, at 2 and 8; and Friday and Saturday, July 11-12, at 2.

BOXING—Mickey Crawford vs. Gaspar (Indian) Ortega, welterweights, 10 rounds. (Madison Square Garden, CO 5-6811. Friday, July 11. Preliminaries at 8:30; main bout at 10.)

FENCING—National Championships—Thursday, July 3, at 7:30: Women's individual foil. . . . Friday, July 4, at 7:30: Men's individual foil. . . . Saturday, July 5, at 10:30 A.M.: Men's three-weapon team. (Hotel Commodore, Lexington Ave. at 42nd St. MU 6-6000.)

GOLF—John G. Anderson Memorial Tournament. (Winged Foot Golf Club, Mamaroneck. Thursday through Sunday, July 10-13.)

HORSE SHOW—Warrenton Pony Show. (Warrenton, Va. Saturday and Sunday, July 5-6.)

POLO—At PIPING ROCK CLUB, Locust Valley: The opening round of the National Twenty-Goal Championship Tournament, Friday, July 4, at 3:30. . . . MEADOW BROOK CLUB, Jericho: The final match of the National Twenty-Goal Championship Tournament, Sunday, July 6, at 3:30. . . . BLIND BROOK POLO CLUB, Purchase: Sundays at 3:30.

RACING—At BELMONT PARK: Daily at 1:15; through Saturday, July 5. The Suburban Handicap, Friday, July 4, and the Mother Goose, Saturday, July 5. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays, except July 4, between 10:45 and 1, and Saturdays and Friday, July 4, between 10:30 and 1:25.) . . . JAMAICA: Weekdays at 1:15, from Monday, July 7, through Tuesday, July 29. The Tremont, Wednesday, July 9, and the Saranac Handicap, Saturday, July 12. (The train schedule will be the same as that given above.) . . . MONMOUTH PARK, Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 2:30; through Wednesday, Aug. 6. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays, except July 4, at 12:20, and Saturdays and Friday, July 4, at 11:50. Weekdays, a boat leaves Pier 80, W. 40th St., at 11, and is met at Atlantic Highlands by buses for the track.)

SPORTS-CAR RACING—At Lime Rock Park, Lime Rock, Conn.: Saturday, July 5, at 1.

TENNIS—New York State Men's Championships. (North Shore Tennis and Racquets Club, Bayside, L.I. Through Sunday, July 6.) . . . Eastern Women's Clay Court Championships. (New Rochelle Tennis Club, New Rochelle. Monday through Saturday, July 7-12.)

TROTting—At ROOSEVELT RACEWAY, Westbury: Weekdays at 8:30; through Thursday, July 31. (Special trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Thursdays at 6:50; Fridays, except July 4, at 6:50 and 7:10; and Saturdays and Friday, July 4, at 6:35 and 7:10.) . . . SARATOGA RACEWAY, Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Oct. 4. . . . HISTORIC TRACK, Goshen: Thursday and Friday, July 3-4, at 1:30.

YACHTING—Beverly Yacht Club Regatta. (Marion, Mass. Friday and Saturday, July 11-12.) . . . Newport Yacht Club Regatta. (Newport, R.I. Saturday, July 12.) . . . America's Cup preliminary trials. (New-

port, R.I. Saturday, July 12, through Saturday, July 19.)

OTHER EVENTS

UNITED NATIONS—Visitors may attend sessions of the Trusteeship Council (the most active group at present), periodic meetings of the Security Council, and regular sessions of various commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2, 2:30, or 3, Mondays through Fridays; no meetings Friday, July 4. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9:15 to 4:45 daily.

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—The new show is called "The Expanding Universe." (Mondays at 2 and 3:30; Tuesdays through Fridays, except July 4, at 2, 3:30, and 8:30; and Saturdays, Sundays, and Friday, July 4, at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11.) . . . Every night except Monday, a half-hour conducted tour of the Planetarium starts at 8.

COMING EVENTS

(A check list for readers who plan ahead.)

BASEBALL—At Yankee Stadium: July 13-20 and Aug. 8-13.

BOXING—Bobby Scanlon vs. Gale Kerwin, lightweights, 10 rounds. (Madison Square Garden, July 18.)

GOLF—National P.G.A. Championship. (Llanerch Country Club, Havertown, Penn. July 14-20.) . . . New Jersey State Golf Association Open Championship. (Spring Brook Country Club, Morristown, N.J. July 17-19.) . . . Long Island Golf Association Amateur Championship. (Plandome Golf Club, Plandome, L.I. July 17-20.) . . . New York State Golf Association Amateur Championship. (Yahnundasis Country Club, Utica. July 23-27.) . . . Westchester County Golf Association Open Championship. (Knollwood Country Club, White Plains. July 24-25.) . . . P.G.A. Eastern Open Championship. (Baltimore. July 24-27.) . . . Westchester County Golf Association Amateur Championship. (Pelham Country Club, Pelham Manor. July 30-Aug. 2.) . . . Curtis Cup Matches. (Brae Burn Country Club, West Newton, Mass. Aug. 8-9.) . . . Metropolitan Golf Association Amateur Championship. (Knoll Golf Club, Boonton, N.J. Aug. 14-17.)

HORSE SHOWS—Farmington Hunt Club Horse Show. (Charlottesville, Va. July 17-19.) . . . Dublin Horse Show. (Dublin, Ireland. Aug. 5-9.) . . . Litchfield Horse Show. (Litchfield, Conn. Aug. 9.)

RACING—At SARATOGA SPRINGS: July 31-Aug. 27. . . . ATLANTIC CITY, Mays Landing, N.J.: Aug. 7-Oct. 4.

SPORTS-CAR RACING—At Thompson Raceway, Thompson, Conn.: July 20.

TENNIS—New Jersey State Women's Championships. (Berkeley Tennis Club, Orange, N.J. July 21-26.) . . . Men's Invitation Tournament. (Meadow Club, Southampton, L.I. July 28-Aug. 3.) . . . Eastern Grass Court Championships. (Orange Lawn Tennis Club, South Orange, N.J. Aug. 4-10.) . . . Men's Invitation Tournament. (Newport Casino, Newport, R.I. Aug. 11-17.)

TROTting—At Yonkers Raceway: Aug. 1-Nov. 29.

YACHTING—Edgartown Yacht Club Regatta. (Edgartown, Mass. July 18-19.) . . . Larchmont Race Week. (Larchmont. July 19-26.) . . . Marblehead Race Week. (Marblehead, Mass. July 19-26.)

MUSIC—The Lewisohn Stadium concerts will present, among others, Erica Morini, violin, July 14; Claudio Arrau, piano, July 15; José Greco and his company of Spanish dancers, July 19; Joseph Fuchs, violin, and Moura Lympany, piano, July 21; and Hilde Gueden, soprano, July 26. . . . Great South Bay Jazz Festival, Great River, L.I., July 26-27 and Aug. 1-3. . . . Empire State Music Festival, Ellenville, N.Y., Aug. 14-17.



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION

AROUND THE WORLD IN 80 DAYS—A jolly, if protracted, tour of the globe. Based on the fantasy by Jules Verne, the film roams from continent to continent, picking up lots of funny stuff in transit. There is a tremendous cast, headed by David Niven and the Mexican comedian Cantinflas. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633. Daily at 2:30 and 8:30. Extra performances Saturdays and Friday, July 4, at 10:30 A.M. Reserved seats only.)

THE AWAKENING—In this Italian film, written by Cesare Zavattini and Mario Camerini, and directed by the latter, Anna Magnani makes a memorable character of a nun whose love of a small boy induces her to forget her obligations to her order. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; through July 5. Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; July 7-8, tentative.)

THE BRIDGE ON THE RIVER KWAI—There's plenty of variety in this entertaining description of life among a group of British soldiers captured by the Japanese during the Second World War and led by a colonel who is not too well in the head. The film includes everything from satire to high adventure, and the cast, headed by Alec Guinness, William Holden, Jack Hawkins, and Sessue Hayakawa, performs valiantly under the direction of David Lean. (Palace, B'way at 47th, PL 7-2626. Daily at 2:30 and 8:30. Reserved seats only.)

THE CASE OF DR. LAURENT—An interesting French film that explores the subject of natural childbirth with a good deal of dramatic impact. Jean Gabin is cast as a doctor who favors the method, and Nicole Courcel as a pregnant young woman who goes along with his ideas. (Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd, PL 3-2434.)

GERVAISE—A mournful look at the way things were among the lower orders during the Second Empire. A French film, adapted from a novel by Emile Zola, in which Maria Schell gives a wonderfully persuasive performance, as do François Périer, Armand Mestral, and Suzy Delair, her assistants in the enterprise. (Midtown, B'way at 100th, RI 9-9516; starting July 9. Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622; and Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; starting July 9, tentative.)

GIGI—A handsome and melodious adaptation of the Colette tale about a young lady who is tutored to be a courtesan and winds up the beloved of the richest young fellow in Paris. Book and lyrics by Alan Jay Lerner, music by Frederick Loewe, costumes by Cecil Beaton, and a fine cast, headed by Leslie Caron, Maurice Chevalier, Hermione Gingold, Isabel Jeans, and Louis Jourdan. (Royale, 242 W. 45th, CI 5-5760. Nightly at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays, Saturdays, Sundays, and Friday, July 4, at 2:40. Reserved seats only.)



WITNESS FOR THE PROSECUTION—A tricky and absorbing melodrama, adapted by Billy Wilder and Harry Kurnitz from a play by Agatha Christie, in which a young man accused of murdering an old lady who has befriended him is defended by his barrister with the utmost verve. Charles Laughton has something of an actor's field day as the barrister, and Tyrone Power, as the defendant, and Marlene Dietrich, as his wife, manage to make themselves heard over Mr. Laughton's impressive clamor. (Lexington, Lexington at 51st, PL 3-0336; Loew's 72nd St., 3rd Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-7222; Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd, TR 7-3190; and Olympia, B'way at 107th, UN 5-8128.)

REVIVALS

A NOUS LA LIBERTÉ (1932)—René Clair deals with prison life and factory life, which seem to be similar. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 5.)

THE ASPHALT JUNGLE (1950)—Jewel thieves prowling around a Midwestern city. Directed by John Huston and with Louis Calhern and Sam Jaffe in the cast. (Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; July 7-8.)

BABY DOLL (1956)—Tennessee Williams' droll

study of some benighted denizens of the Very Deep South. Carroll Baker and Karl Malden. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; July 6-8.)

BEAT THE DEVIL (1954)—Humphrey Bogart in the hire of a gang of lunatic crooks out to get control of a uranium field. (Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; starting July 9, tentative.)

THE BRAVE BULLS (1951)—Bullfighting in Mexico, with Mel Ferrer as a melancholy matador. (Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; starting July 9, tentative.)

DEVIL IN THE FLESH (1949)—The trials and cruelties of adolescent love. A French picture, with Gérard Philipe and Micheline Presle. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 6.)

DIAL M FOR MURDER (1954)—Alfred Hitchcock's adaptation of the thriller about a tennis player who wants to lob his wife to eternity. Ray Milland and Grace Kelly. (Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; July 6, tentative.)

THE GRAPES OF WRATH (1940)—John Ford's reworking of the Steinbeck novel, with Henry Fonda and Jane Darwell. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 7.)

JOUR DE FÊTE (1952)—A French film about a village postman, Jacques Tati, who is enraptured by American speedup ideas. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 5.)

THE KILLERS (1946)—Hemingway's short story, here expanded. Burt Lancaster and Ava Gardner. (Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; July 7-8.)

KING SOLOMON'S MINES (1950)—Derring-do in Africa. With Deborah Kerr, Stewart Granger, and thousands of beasts. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; July 6-8.)

MARIE DU PORT (1951)—A village barmaid helps a world-weary big-city fellow out of his ennui. A French film, with Jean Gabin. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 3.)

THE PROUD AND THE BEAUTIFUL (1956)—Jean-Paul Sartre's story about romance in a flea-bitten Mexican town. With Gérard Philipe and Michèle Morgan. In French and Spanish. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; July 6.)

THE ROOTS (1957)—Four tales of life among the Mexican Indians. In Spanish. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through July 8, tentative.)

VIVA ZAPATA! (1952)—Marlon Brando, Anthony Quinn, and revolution in Mexico. (Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; July 6, tentative.)

THE WINDOW (1949)—About a persistent young fibber who happens to witness a real murder and can't get anybody to believe him. With Bobby Driscoll and Arthur Kennedy. (Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; July 3.)

THE BROADWAY AREA

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED IN THE SECTION ABOVE

ASTOR, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
"The Vikings," Kirk Douglas, Tony Curtis, Ernest Borgnine.

CAPITOL, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"Kings Go Forth," Frank Sinatra, Tony Curtis.

CRITERION, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
"South Pacific," Rossano Brazzi, Mitzi Gaynor, John Kerr. (Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees daily at 2:30. Extra performances Friday and Saturday, July 4-5, at 10 A.M. Reserved seats only.)

MAYFAIR, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9800)
Through July 8: "This Happy Feeling," Debbie Reynolds, Curt Jurgens.
From July 9: "A Time to Love and a Time to Die," John Gavin, Lilo Pulver.

MUSIC HALL, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
"Indiscreet," Cary Grant, Ingrid Bergman.

ODEON, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
"The Key," William Holden, Sophia Loren.

PALACE, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626)
THE BRIDGE ON THE RIVER KWAI.

PARAMOUNT, B'way at 43rd. (LO 3-1100)
"The Bravados," Gregory Peck, Joan Collins.

RIVOLI, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
AROUND THE WORLD IN 80 DAYS.

ROXY, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
"Windjammer," the first Cinemiracle production. (Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinees daily at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

ROYALE, 242 W. 45th. (CI 5-5760)
GIGI.

STATE, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
"King Creole," Elvis Presley, Carolyn Jones.

VICTORIA, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"The Vikings," Kirk Douglas, Tony Curtis, Ernest Borgnine.

WARNER, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
"Cinerama," revival. (Nightly at 8:40. Matinees Wednesdays, Saturdays, Sundays, and Friday, July 4, at 2:40. Reserved seats only.)

WORLD, 153 W. 40th. (CI 7-5747)
"Fire Under Her Skin" (in French), Raymond Pellegrin, Giselle Pascal.

EAST SIDE

ART, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through July 8 (tentative): "The Golden Age of Comedy," a silent-movie anthology; and "Loser Takes All," Rossano Brazzi, Glynis Johns.
From July 9 (tentative): **GERVAISE** (in French).

ACADEMY OF MUSIC, 126 E. 14th. (GR 3-2277)
Through July 8: "Marjorie Morningstar," Gene Kelly, Natalie Wood; and "Bad Man's Country," George Montgomery, Buster Crabbe.
From July 9: "Escapade in Japan," Teresa Wright, Cameron Mitchell; and "Peter Pan," revival, a full-length Walt Disney cartoon.

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through July 8 (tentative): "The Ladykillers," revival, Alec Guinness, Cecil Parker; and "To Paris with Love," revival, Alec Guinness, Odile Versois.
From July 9 (tentative): **GERVAISE** (in French).

LEXINGTON, Lexington at 51st. (PL 3-0336)
WITNESS FOR THE PROSECUTION; and "The Iron Sheriff," Sterling Hayden, Constance Ford.
TRANS-LUX 52ND ST., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
THE CASE OF DR. LAURENT (in French).

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"Your Past Is Showing!," Peter Sellers, Terry-Thomas.

R.K.O. 58TH ST., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
Through July 8: "Marjorie Morningstar," Gene Kelly, Natalie Wood; and "Bad Man's Country," George Montgomery, Buster Crabbe.
From July 9: "Escapade in Japan," Teresa Wright, Cameron Mitchell; and "Peter Pan," revival, a full-length Walt Disney cartoon.

FINE ARTS, 130 E. 58th. (PL 5-6030)
"The Key," William Holden, Sophia Loren.

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Guendalina" (in Italian), Jacqueline Sassard, Raf Vallone.

BARONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
"Blue Murder at St. Trinian's," Joyce Grenfell, Terry-Thomas.

BECKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
Through July 8 (tentative): "The Ladykillers," revival, Alec Guinness, Cecil Parker; and "To Paris with Love," revival, Alec Guinness, Odile Versois.
From July 9 (tentative): **GERVAISE** (in French).

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
Through July 9: "Merry Andrew," Danny Kaye, Pier Angeli.

LOEW'S 72ND ST., 3rd Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-7222)
WITNESS FOR THE PROSECUTION; and "The Iron Sheriff," Sterling Hayden, Constance Ford.

TRANS-LUX COLONY, 2nd Ave. at 70th. (BU 8-0468)
Through July 5 (tentative): "The Bride Is Much Too Beautiful" (in French), Brigitte Bardot, Louis Jourdan; and "Time Without Pity," Michael Redgrave, Ann Todd.
July 6 (tentative): **DIAL M FOR MURDER**, revival; and **VIVA ZAPATA!**, revival.
July 7-8 (tentative): **THE AWAKENING** (in Italian); and "Paradise Lagoon" (formerly called "The Admirable Crichton"), Kenneth More, Diane Cilento.
From July 9 (tentative): **BEAT THE DEVIL**, revival; and **THE BRAVE BULLS**, revival.

TRANS-LUX 85TH ST., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through July 8 (tentative): "The Golden Age of Comedy," a silent-movie anthology; and "Loser Takes All," Rossano Brazzi, Glynis Johns.

NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSES

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FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST
APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED
ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

From July 9 (tentative): **GERVAISE** (in French).

R.K.O. 86TH ST., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through July 8: "Marjorie Morningstar," Gene Kelly, Natalie Wood; and "Bad Man's Country," George Montgomery, Buster Crabbe.
From July 9: "Escapade in Japan," Teresa Wright, Cameron Mitchell; and "Peter Pan," revival, a full-length Walt Disney cartoon.

ORPHEUM, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
WITNESS FOR THE PROSECUTION; and "The Iron Sheriff," Sterling Hayden, Constance Ford.

WEST SIDE

WAVERLY, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8038)

Through July 5: "Only the French Can" (in French; formerly called "French-Canadian"), revival, Jean Gabin; and "Woman in a Dressing Gown," revival, Yvonne Mitchell, Anthony Quayle.
July 6-8: **KING SOLOMON'S MINES**, revival; and "Seven Brides for Seven Brothers," revival, Howard Keel, Jane Powell.
From July 9 (tentative): "The Young Lions," Marlon Brando, Montgomery Clift.

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through July 8 (tentative): **THE ROOTS** (in Spanish), revival; and "Wife for a Night" (in Italian), Gina Lollobrigida, Gino Cervi.
From July 9 (tentative): "Teacher's Pet," Clark Gable, Doris Day.

5TH AVE. CINEMA, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
"Mitsou" (in French), Danielle Delorme, Fernand Gravey.

SHERIDAN, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
WITNESS FOR THE PROSECUTION; and "The Iron Sheriff," Sterling Hayden, Constance Ford.

GREENWICH, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through July 5: **THE AWAKENING** (in Italian); and "Paradise Lagoon" (formerly called "The Admirable Crichton"), Kenneth More, Diane Cilento.
July 6-8: **BABY DOLL**, revival; and "Hobson's Choice," revival, Charles Laughton, John Mills.
From July 9: "The Young Lions," Marlon Brando, Montgomery Clift.

R.K.O. 23RD ST., 8th Ave. at 23rd. (CH 2-3440)
Through July 8: "Marjorie Morningstar," Gene Kelly, Natalie Wood; and "Bad Man's Country," George Montgomery, Buster Crabbe.
From July 9: "Escapade in Japan," Teresa Wright, Cameron Mitchell; and "Peter Pan," revival, a full-length Walt Disney cartoon.

TERRACE, 9th Ave. at 23rd. (CH 2-9280)
July 3: **THE WINDOW**, revival; and "The Big Sky," revival, Kirk Douglas.
July 4-5: "Paris Holiday," Bob Hope, Fernandel; and "Fort Massacre," Joel McCrea, Forrest Tucker.

July 6: "The Bold and the Brave," revival, Wendell Corey, Mickey Rooney; and "New York Confidential," revival, Broderick Crawford, Richard Conte.

July 7-8: **THE ASPHALT JUNGLE**, revival; and **THE KILLERS**, revival.

From July 9: "The Three Faces of Eve," Joanne Woodward, David Wayne; and "No Down Payment," Joanne Woodward, Sheree North.

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"The Proud Rebel," Alan Ladd, Olivia de Havilland.

55TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4500)
"The Goddess," Kim Stanley, Lloyd Bridges.

TRANS-LUX NORMANDIE, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through July 9: "Poor but Beautiful" (in Italian), Marisa Allasio.

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-3454)
Through July 8: "No Sun in Venice" (in French), Françoise Arnoul, Christian Marquand.
From July 9: "A Time to Love and a Time to Die," John Gavin, Lilo Pulver.

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
"And God Created Woman" (in French), Brigitte Bardot, Curt Jurgens.

LOEW'S 83RD ST., B'way at 83rd. (TR 7-3190)
WITNESS FOR THE PROSECUTION; and "The Iron Sheriff," Sterling Hayden, Constance Ford.

SYMPHONY, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through July 8: "Paris Holiday," Bob Hope, Fernandel; and "The Quiet American," Audie Murphy, Michael Redgrave.

From July 9: "Peter Pan," revival, a full-length Walt Disney cartoon; and "Hollywood or Bust," revival, Dean Martin, Jerry Lewis.

THALIA, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)

July 3: **MARIE DU PORT** (in French), revival; and "Times Gone By" (in Italian), revival, Vittorio De Sica, Gina Lollobrigida.

July 4: "St. Matthew Passion," revival, Bach's work, played by the Vienna Philharmonic, sung by the Vienna Choir Boys, and illustrated with paintings by Old Masters; and "Eroica: The Beethoven Story" (in German), revival.

July 5: **À NOUS LA LIBERTÉ AND JOUR DE FÊTE** (both in French and both revivals).

July 6: **DEVIL IN THE FLESH** (in French), revival; and **THE PROUD AND THE BEAUTIFUL** (in French and Spanish), revival.

July 7: **THE GRAPES OF WRATH**, revival; and "Tobacco Road," revival, Charley Grapevin.

July 8: "The Naked Night" (in Swedish), revival, Harriet Andersson; and "Fruits of Summer" (in French), revival, Edwige Fenech.

July 9: Eleven short films of the dance—"Swan Lake," "Cavalcade of Dance," and others.

RIVERSIDE, B'way at 96th. (MO 3-4530)
"Marjorie Morningstar," Gene Kelly, Natalie Wood; and "Bad Man's Country," George Montgomery, Buster Crabbe.

MIDTOWN, B'way at 100th. (RI 9-9516)
Through July 8: "The Golden Age of Comedy," a silent-movie anthology; and "Loser Takes All," Rossano Brazzi, Glynis Johns.
From July 9: **GERVAISE** (in French).

OLYMPIA, B'way at 107th. (UN 5-8128)
WITNESS FOR THE PROSECUTION; and "The Iron Sheriff," Sterling Hayden, Constance Ford.

NEMO, B'way at 110th. (MO 6-8210)
Through July 8: "Marjorie Morningstar," Gene Kelly, Natalie Wood; and "Bad Man's Country," George Montgomery, Buster Crabbe.
From July 9: "Escapade in Japan," Teresa Wright, Cameron Mitchell; and "Peter Pan," revival, a full-length Walt Disney cartoon.

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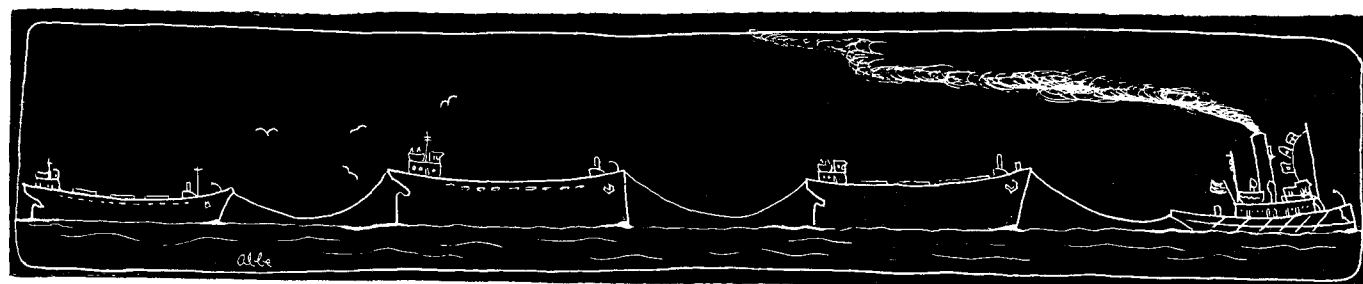
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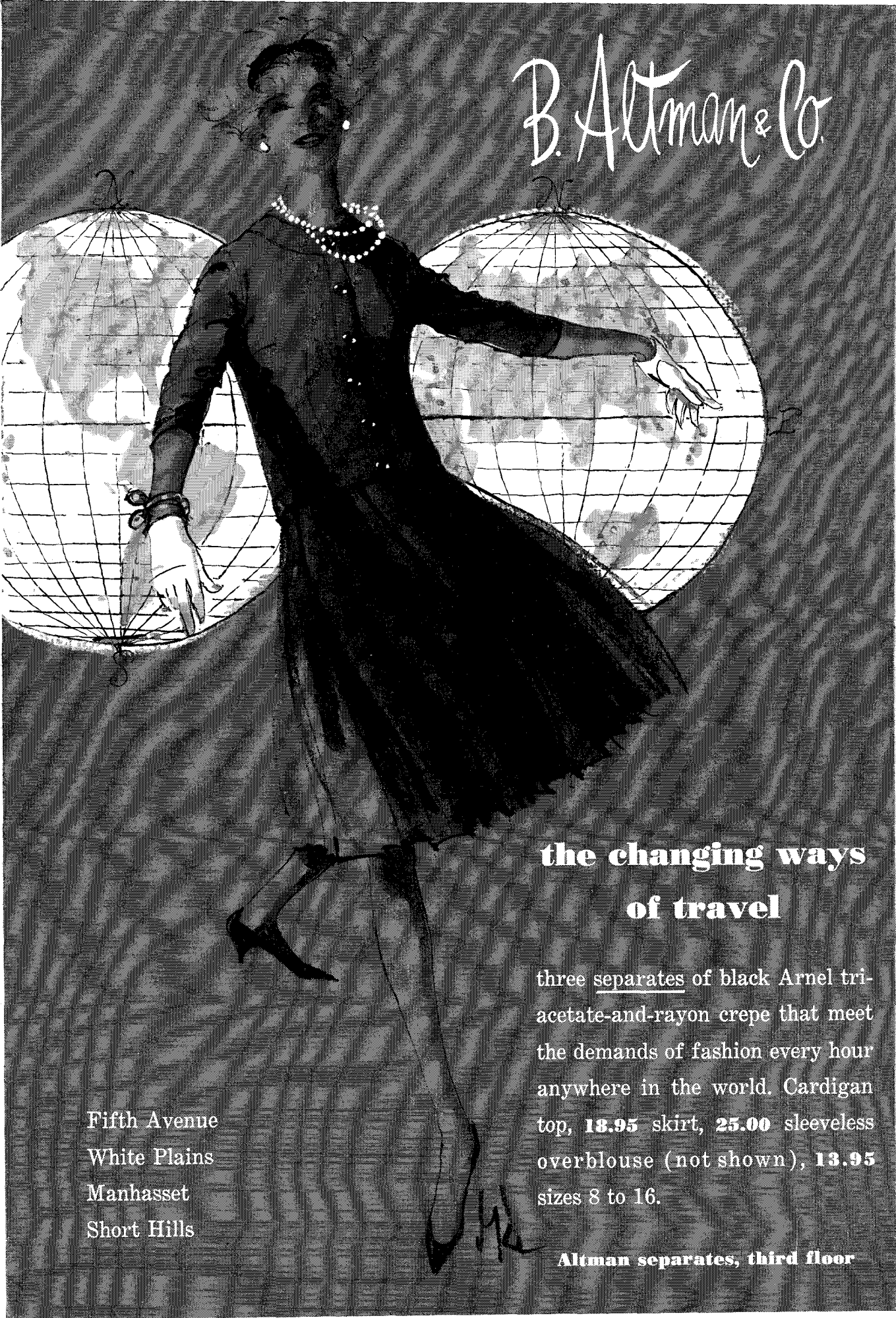
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THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

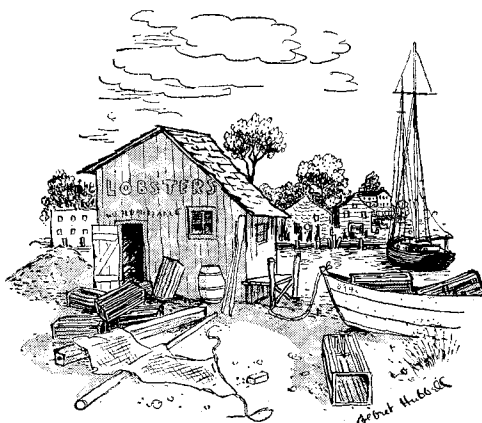
THE long, Snopesian wrangle over the secondary-school careers of seven Negro adolescents in Little Rock has by now coiled back on itself so many times that many out-of-staters, embarrassed and bored, have forgotten that it began with a proposal, by the Little Rock School Board, that it admit a few Negro children to Central High School there as a minimal token of nominal compliance with the United States Supreme Court's exposition of the law of the land. The school board asked that a United States District Court accept this symbolic concession as an earnest of good intention in the future. The National Association for the Advancement of Colored People fought this offer in court. It called it grossly insufficient. The Court accepted the school-board plan. Now, a year later, another United States judge (from Texarkana, Arkansas) has granted the school board permission to remove the children from Central, where they have completed a scholastic year. Attorneys for the N.A.A.C.P. fought vainly to keep them in. What the N.A.A.C.P. turned up its nose at a year ago it now fights without success to restore; what the school board accepted with glee it now considers intolerable, and finds a United States court to agree with it. The board's argument, which the Texarkana judge approved, was that the seven children's presence (but not anything they did) interfered with the orderly process of education; it impelled other pupils to be nasty to them, compelled adult *Lumpen* to stand on street corners and look menacing, constrained a governor hot after a third term to call out the National Guard—things like that. There is in the decision, if it stands, a clear invitation to anybody who does not approve of a federal law simply and immediately to make

a nuisance of himself. Its enforcement will then be suspended, on the ground that it is the kind of law that induces nuisances. By helpful coincidence, the decision comes at the height of a gubernatorial primary campaign in which Governor Faubus's principal opponent has ripped into the Governor for not obeying the law. The Governor will now say that he knew right along it wasn't the law at all; if you just paid it no heed, it was bound to suspend itself. There is very little chance that an appeal can be heard by a Circuit Court before July 29th, the primary day.

But behind these obvious comments, there is a more pertinent one, made early this spring, during what seemed from the outside a lull in the Little Rock story, by Harry S. Ashmore, the executive editor of the *Arkansas Gazette*, the newspaper that fought (and is still fighting) Faubus. Writing in *Nieman Reports*, the journal published quarterly by the Nieman Fellows in Journalism, at Harvard, Ashmore, a onetime Fellow himself, said, "To American journalism the Little Rock story had an arbitrary beginning and end. It began the day Governor Faubus surrounded Central High School with his state guard. It continued so long as there was a naked edge of violence. It ended when federal troops restored a surface order to the troubled city." He added, "If the

reporting of the prelude to Little Rock was conspicuously inadequate, it seems to me that the postlude provides an even more distressing example. . . . In Washington, the decision to leave to the Little Rock School Board the entire burden of carrying out the court order against impossible odds has never been officially announced, in these terms, but has been clearly acknowledged by the Department of Justice. The new attorney general, Mr. Rogers, said that there were no present plans for further legal action in Little Rock. He further noted that the administration had no plans for pressing for additional civil rights legislation at this session of Congress—a matter of some moment, since the Justice Department had previously used as an excuse for inaction at Little Rock the failure of Congress to enact the enforcement provisions in the last civil rights bill. . . . These events have already had tragic consequences in Arkansas and the South; those who were disposed to support an orderly adjustment to the new public policy have been discredited and disarmed—not so much by the extremists who are now in control as by a national administration which deserted them in the first collision between federal and state force and declared in effect that the rule of law propounded by its own courts is not enforceable."

There are few heroes anywhere, and the Little Rock School Board is not composed of them. Throughout the winter, it stuck to its original offer; it maintained the handful of Negro pupils in Central, a symbol, at least, of deference to the law. But pressure made the position of board members in the community painful, and there was no help in sight. On May 5th, the Pulitzer Prize committee awarded the gold medal for public service by a newspaper to the *Arkansas Gazette* and the thousand-dollar prize for editorial writing to its executive editor. (In this instance, the Pulitzer Prizes had





"Paris was sublime, and we loved the château country, and everywhere we went the French adored Horace."

been well earned, and the bestowal of two on one newspaper showed that the committee had been stirred. Usually, the prizes are passed around one to a paper, so that as few as possible will be left out.) On May 7th, the school board petitioned the United States District Court to let it not obey the law for a couple of years, and last week the District Court acceded to the request, leaving the *Gazette* lonely with its honors.

Marts of Trade

WE attended two commercial parties last week—one given, *in absentia*, by a lady who caters to men; the other by a man who caters to ladies—both of which mysteriously harked back, with something of a vengeance, to days of special privilege under European royalty. The invitation bidding us to a cocktail preview of "fine things for gentlemen" at Countess Mara's new showrooms and offices in the Universal Pictures Building, at Fifty-seventh Street and Park Avenue, was embossed, in gold and maroon, with the Countess's coronet, and an accompanying message from the Mara offices read, "There are many counts in her family,

and the nine-pointed crown in her famous crest refers to them." Whisked, by elevator, past the uncrested offices of the Sheffield Tankers Corporation and the Operation, Research, and Synthesis Consulting Service of the General Electric Company to the seventeenth floor, we passed through a door marked "Countess Mara, Inc., New York and Florence," and encountered a lady who handed us a communication that began, "Countess Mara, well-known cravateur, announces the expansion of her operations at the wholesale level into related men's and closet accessories," and another coronet-embossed document, imprinted with four crown-bearing place cards reading, "Merrill Sharpe, Ltd., for Casual Shirts," "Marum Knitting Mills, Inc., for Men's Hose," "Ralph Destino, Ltd., for Men's Jewelry," and "Corby of Royal Windsor, England, 'Wardrobers,'" and a message in the Countess's holograph, opposite her photograph, that read, "I am proud to present these distinguished names who are now producing and distributing for me fine things for that 'One Man in a Million.'"

Thank goodness, this turned out to be a mere *façon de parler*. "We have over three hundred wholesale ac-

counts from all over the country," Mr. D. G. Williams, vice-president in charge of sales, told us. "The buyers come in here to make their selections."

"What's a wardrobe?" we asked.

His reply was a wave of the hand at a combination suit hanger, pants presser, rack for shirt, tie, and socks, and wallet-and-pocket-addenda tray. "Constructed of finest hardwood with chrome finishings, they come in oak, walnut, or mahogany finish," we read in a throwaway that a finely constructed lady threw at us. "Wholesale \$32.75. Retail \$67.50." We inspected some Countess Mara toilet articles—colognes, soaps, and solidified deodorants, all crest-packaged—and entered the jewelry showroom, where (and we quote from another throwaway) "hand-

some, restrained, mannish to the point of boldness," a collection of cuff links, dress studs, and tie pins, in lapis lazuli, sardonyx, black onyx, hematite, smoky topaz, silver, and gold, greeted us, some in the shape of the Countess's crown, many marked with the noble initials "C. M." "The head of a child sculptured in exacting detail and mounted in bas-relief on gemstone discs makes one of the most unusual and exciting things in the collection," we read of one of these items.

Trembling with excitement, we sidled into a room full of sports shirts in velveteen, shantung, cashmere, worsted, batiste, and silk, all emblazoned with the Mara crown on the left-hand pocket. We boldly fingered a hundred-per-cent-cashmere shirt (\$35 wholesale, \$65 retail, dry cleaning recommended) and pushed on to the socks—fifty per cent v-c-f-i-, the rest nylon and baby alpaca, each and every one embroidered with the Mara coronet. We thought, nostalgically, of the late Herbert Bayard Swope, a man we long admired for having his initials in red just above the ankles of his socks. A respectful gape at the Countess's latest cravats, as coronetted and initialled as ever, and we gained the private office

of Mr. W. S. McMenemy, president of Countess Mara, Inc., who came to his present post after an apprenticeship with Shick Dry Shaver and Mark Cross.

"Unfortunately, the Countess couldn't be here today," Mr. McMenemy said as we stole a glance at his library, which included Frazer's "The Golden Bough," "The Dance of Life," by Havelock Ellis, and the works of Whittier. "She's living in a flat in the Palazzo Torrigiani, in Florence, where she has put in air-conditioning and central heating, and where, working many months in advance of the seasons, she develops designs with a corps of artists, and new fabrics with the representatives of Italian silk mills. She is chairman of the board. Besides our retail outlets in department and specialty stores, we have two New York shops, one of which we have just opened—right around the corner. We felt that the time when everyone was singing the blues was a good time to open a new shop. We believe that the power of the Countess's name goes a little beyond just neckwear, and that there is nothing in fine things for gentlemen to which the name cannot apply. We may go on to suits and shoes. Who knows?"

SCARCELY had we had time to ponder this question when, waving an invitation from the Charles of the Ritz Salon, engraved with a fleur-de-lis, urging us "to see the luxurious salon, and courtly new makeup hues and Empire hair styles demonstrated in living sculpture," we found ourself, just a few steps north, in the new Ritz Tower installation of the Salon. "We call this our Grand Trianon," a lady under a chandelier said, and directed our attention to three models who were demonstrating the new all-over-pastel "Powder Poufed" Look: the Opalescent Amethyst Look (designed for a fair complexion and red hair), the Golden Amber Look (sun-bronzed complexion and dark hair), and the Lustrous Emerald Lady (carmellia complexion and dark hair). These exemplars of living sculpture were decked with diamonds, gold, and emeralds, respectively, and a uniformed man was at their side, decked with a badge that bore the legend "Pinkerton Captain." "Better than three hundred

thousand dollars' worth of jewelry," our guide said, and introduced us to Charles of the Ritz's president, Mr. Richard B. Salomon.

"The late Charles—Charles Jundt, an Alsatian—opened his hairdressing salon in the old Ritz thirty-three years ago," Mr. Salomon said. "Later, he went into cosmetics also. After graduating from Brown, I joined him as salesman for the New England territory. Our basic business is the sale of our own line of cosmetics—in New York, Washington, Philadelphia, Boston, Chicago, Paris, London, and Brussels. We're trying to get away from the conventional here. Take this chair, which is used for hair styling. The hydraulic mechanism that raises and lowers it is surmounted by a Louis the Sixteenth frame and upholstery. The marbled-vinyl-tile floor covering is supposed to look like the floors of French and Italian palaces. Now let me show you our Petit Trianon, downstairs."

We descended in an elevator with *trompe-l'œil* panels that depicted a formal garden and emerged in a room containing twelve booths; a closed-television-circuit message center that communicates with an appointment desk in the Grand Trianon; pink walls that look like moiré but are, in fact, washable plastic; Mr. Walter Hoving, president of Bonwit Teller; and Mr. David Hughes, a vice-president of Neiman Marcus. Cries of "Marvellous!", "Congratulations!", and "How did you do it?" were directed at Mr. Salomon

by Mr. Hoving, Mr. Hughes, and other well-wishers, and after an interval we regained the Grand Trianon, which was alive with Sherry waiters bearing latter-day Martinis.

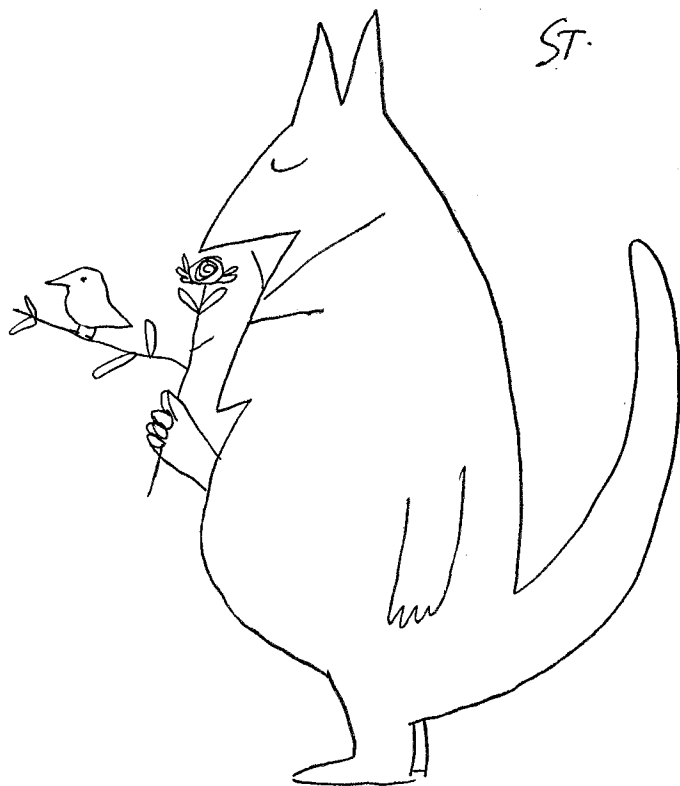
"I want you to meet Mme. Maurice Utrillo," Victor Hammer, director of the Hammer Galleries, said to us, and he led us to a corner dominated by a vigorous lady, who, in French and English, told us that she (as we knew) paints under her own name, Lucie Valore; likes dogs; and is an old Charles of the Ritz customer. "When Mme. Utrillo comes to New York, quickly, directly, Mme. Utrillo goes to Charles of the Ritz," she said. "For her nails and hair. Never her face. Nobody touches her face. What elegance! What good taste! There is no installation to compare with this in Paris."

We paused on our way out to say hello to Mr. Forrest G. Perrin, who was playing the piano. "I play at scads of these things," he said. "I've done seventeen in the last three weeks. I'm related to the Perrin-glove people, in Paris," and on this final commercial note we took our departure.

OVERHEARD at the Biltmore Bar: "O.K., he's a great idea man, but I don't vibrate to him."

Native

BACK in May, Mayor Wagner appointed a new City Treasurer to direct the Department of Finance, which is second only to the United States Treasury in this country in the amount of money it collects and spends. According to the city charter, the treasurer, whose term of office is at "the pleasure of the Mayor" and whose salary is twenty thousand dollars a year, is empowered "to collect all taxes, assessments, and arrears due the city and all other sums due the city except as otherwise provided by law; provide for the receipt and safekeeping of all moneys paid into the treasury of the city and the payment of money out of the treasury; provide for the receipt and safekeeping of all moneys of the sinking funds and of all other trust funds held by the city or heretofore held by the chamberlain" and "to disburse the same on warrants



signed by the Comptroller." The name of the new treasurer is Mrs. Hilda G. Schwartz. Mrs. Schwartz is the first woman to hold the job, and we went down to her office, in the Municipal Building, the other day, partly to pay belated respects and partly to see how she was bearing up under the strain of, in effect, balancing household accounts of a couple of billion dollars a year.

Mrs. Schwartz proved to be a gracious, red-haired, middle-aged lady, neatly turned out in gray silk and pearls and showing no signs of strain whatever. On her desk were photographs of her husband, Herman N. Schwartz, a local lawyer, and their son John, a student at Princeton. Mrs. Schwartz briefly sketched her *curriculum vitae*: born in New York, the daughter of a real-estate man named Solomon Ginsburg, she has three sisters and a brother, is a graduate of P.S. 170, Wadleigh High School, N.Y.U., and N.Y.U. Law School, was admitted to the bar in 1930, and was married the same year. From the beginning, her favorite cases had to do with family and youth troubles. She recalled, with pride, an early case involving a crippled widow. "To help support herself and a small daughter, the widow took in boarders, one of whom made advances to the daughter," Mrs. Schwartz said. "The mother killed him with a bread knife and was charged with homicide. I asked permission for the grand jury to hear her story in person—something that's very rarely done. I was confident that the grand jury would justify her action, and, sure enough, it did."

Mrs. Schwartz served as secretary of the Board of Estimate for several years and was appointed to the Magistrates' Court in 1951. She has sat as presiding magistrate of the Home Term Court, the Adolescents' Court, the Women's Court, the Probation Court, and the Narcotics Term Court. "In most of the cases that came before us, it was more than a question of merely establishing innocence or guilt," she said. "We would call on doctors, social workers, clergymen, and psychiatrists to help us get to the root of the trouble."

As Mrs. Schwartz was winding up her account of her judicial career, her husband, gray-haired and splendidly mustached, came in and settled himself in a big leather chair beside her desk. "We're devoted New Yorkers," Mrs. Schwartz said, beaming at Mr. Schwartz, who beamed back. "We live in the Village and are very active in

its community affairs. In fact, Mr. Schwartz is a past president of the Greenwich Village Association and a former vice-chairman of the Community Planning Board for Greenwich Village."

As devoted New Yorkers, where do the Schwartzes go when they take a non-travelling summer vacation? No farther than Yorktown Heights. "My husband and I met there," Mrs. Schwartz said. "My parents had a country place there, and now all five of their children have built summer cottages in the neighborhood. We're a close family. We enjoy each other's company. Our favorite sport is swimming. My husband still does the jack-knife off the low board." Mr. Schwartz modestly threw up his hands in protest, and the new Treasurer of the City of New York beamed harder than ever.

Solvent

ONE of our Third Avenue lookouts reports that he was standing on a corner at Fifty-fourth Street the other night when a gleaming station wagon pulled into a parking space up the block, and two young sticks of boys stepped out and set up bootblack boxes, one in front of The Embers and the other in front of El Morocco.

International Jazz

ONE morning last week, we stopped in at a small, dim, low-ceilinged black-and-green ballroom in the Beverly Hotel, on Lexington Avenue, to hear the first local performance of the International Youth Band, an eighteen-piece jazz band and lesson in international harmony whose members have been rounded up from sixteen countries, two of them on the wrong side of the Iron Curtain, and brought here to perform at the Newport Jazz Festival. The band includes four trumpets (Denmark, France, Yugoslavia, Portugal), four trombones (Germany, Belgium, Sweden, Austria), six saxophones (Poland, Spain, the United States, Sweden, Austria, England), a piano (Switzerland), a guitar (Hungary), a bass (Holland), and drums (Italy). The musicians average twenty-three years in age, a figure made lower than it otherwise would be by the presence of Andy Marsala, a fifteen-year-old alto saxophonist whose debut wowed everybody at the Newport Festival last year. Only the Polish and the Portuguese boys can't speak English. We learned all this from

the leader of the band, Marshall Brown, a feverish, fast-talking thirty-seven-year-old American music teacher and songwriter who went to Europe last spring for six weeks with George Wein, the director of the Newport Festival, to audition candidates for the I.Y.B.

Impeccably dressed, when we saw him, in a dark-gray suit, pale-green striped shirt, foulard tie, and horn-rimmed glasses, Brown is a tall, slightly stooped man who moves at a rapid lope and speaks in a rich network-type voice. "The band met each other for the first time in Brussels last week, boarded a plane, and, with the help of some boozierini I picked up before flight time—it was a dry plane—became acquainted on the way over," he told us. "Some of the boys got New York stomach after they arrived. The Portuguese, Spanish, and Italians just aren't used to our bland food, or to water with meals. They call me Señor Boss. We've been rehearsing steadily for the past four or five days, and the stuff we're using is a challenge. The arrangements are by modernists like Jimmy Giuffrè, Bill Russo, John La Porta, and Adolph Sandole, and they're full of counterpoint, key changes, nasty chords, and solos that are apt to begin on the third beat of the seventh measure, instead of at the start of a chorus. But I want to make this an educative thing, and why do the same old Basie stuff everybody else is doing?" Some Muzak was suddenly switched on, and Brown leaped to his feet, waved his arms as if he were calling a man safe at base, and shouted, "Stop it! Stop it! Stop it!" The music stopped, and he sat down again. "Spoil the boys' mood," he said. "We auditioned about seven hundred musicians in all. The Voice of America and the European jazz critics paved the way for us. We found the Yugoslavian boy in Cologne in a touring band. We had no trouble in Poland. Jazz is supposed to be suppressed there, but the musicians don't pay any attention. We were serenaded by probably all the jazz musicians in Poland at the airport in Warsaw. The Hungarian guitarist was a Freedom Fighter who escaped just after the revolution and is studying music now in Boston. We had the hardest time in Switzerland. Nothing but well-to-do middle-class chocolate makers. We're an astonishing group. I don't know any American band that could sit down and reel this stuff off as readily as these boys. I'm sorry they haven't got their uniforms yet. They're going to wear blue blazers, with their country's flag embroidered on the breast pocket, flannels, and button-down shirts. After New-





port, we hope to make some records, play for the President in Washington, and then go back to Brussels to perform at the Fair. I've lost fifteen pounds in the last week or two, and the band is only *beginning* to get in shape. Well, here we go."

Mr. Brown jumped up, loped quickly across the room to where the band, seated behind red, white, and blue music stands, huddled nervously beneath half a dozen bright spotlights, shed his jacket, announced the first number, a fast blues called "Don't Wait for Henry," and stomped off the downbeat with his foot. The band roared, and there were solos by Bernt Rosengren (tenor saxophone, Sweden), Dusko Gojkovic (trumpet, Yugoslavia), Albert Mangelsdorff (trombone, Germany), and Jan Wroblewski (tenor saxophone, Po-

land). Sounding almost as full and confident as any Ellington organization, the band then coasted through some display pieces, such as "Indiana" (featuring Hans Solomon, alto saxophone, Austria), "Imagination" (Christian Kellens, trombone, Belgium), "Hallelujah" (Ronnie Ross, baritone saxophone, England), "Don't Blame Me" (Andy Marsala, alto saxophone, United States), and a lively "Swinging the Blues," which featured just about everybody. During the performances, Brown jiggled rapidly up and down in front of the band in time to the music, executed little dances, urged on the various sections with strenuous, piano-lifting gestures, shouted, and laughed, and when the last number closed in a majestic bass-drum thump, brought the musicians bounding to their feet,

grinning eighteen strong. The ceiling seemed to rise with them.

Romp

A COUPLE we know, who like to walk in Central Park at night, are the owners of a pair of boxers trained to disarm anyone who makes a false move. The other evening, at a fairly late hour, our friends, while strolling in the Park, unleashed their dogs so that they could romp about for a bit. The dogs ran off into the darkness, and presently the owners heard some ominous growls and muffled cries. They promptly whistled for the boxers, who came back most obediently, one of them with a police club in his mouth. Our friends, an agile pair, got away before the law could nab them.

PERHAPS A FAMILY FAILING

OF course, the bride's mother cried. Watery-eyed, on the arm of the bridegroom's father, she smiled in a bewildered way to left and right, coming down the aisle. Outside, on the church steps, she quickly dashed the tears away as she faced the camera, still arm in arm with Mr. Midwinter, a man she detested.

He turned toward her and gave a great meaningless laugh just as the camera clicked, and Mrs. Cotterell had his ginny breath blown full in her face. Even in church he had to smell like that, she thought, and the grim words "Like father, like son" disturbed her mind once more.

Below them, at the curb's edge, Geoff was already helping his bride into the car. The solemnity of the service had not touched him. In the vestry, he had been as jaunty as ever, made his wife blush, and was hushed by his mother, a frail, pensive creature, who had much, Mrs. Cotterell thought, to be frail and pensive about.

It was Saturday morning. The little Sussex market town was busy, and the bridal car moved off slowly amongst the other traffic. Mrs. Cotterell watched until the white-ribboned motor disappeared.

The bridesmaids, one pink, one apple green, were getting into the next car. To many of the women who came in from the villages to do their weekend shopping in Lissport, it was part of the outing to be able to stand for a minute or two to watch a bride leaving the church. Feeling nervous and self-conscious, Mrs. Cotterell, who had often herself stood and watched and criticized, crossed the pavement to the car. She was anxious to be home and wondered if everything was all right there. She had come away in a flurry of confused directions, leaving two of her neighbors slicing beets and sticking blanched almonds into the trifles. She was relieved that the reception was her own affair; that she could be sure that there would be no drunkenness, no rowdy behavior and suggestive speeches, as there had been at Geoff's sister's wedding last year. One glass of port to drink a toast to the bride and bridegroom she had agreed to. For the rest, she hoped that by now her kindly neighbors had mixed the orange cordial.

Mrs. Cotterell cried again, much harder, when Beryl came downstairs in her going-away suit and kissed her and

thanked her (as if her mother were a hostess, not her own flesh and blood, Mrs. Cotterell thought sorrowfully) and with composure got into Geoff's little car, to which Mr. Midwinter had tied an empty sardine tin.

Then everyone else turned to Mrs. Cotterell and thanked her and praised the food and Beryl's looks and dress. It had all gone off all right, they said, making a great hazard of it. "You'll miss her," the women told her.

The bridesmaids took off their flower wreaths and put on their coats. Geoff's brothers, Les and Ron, were taking them out for the evening. "Not long till opening time," they said.

Mrs. Cotterell went back into the house, to survey the wedding presents and the broken wedding cake, with the trelliswork icing she had done so lovingly crumbled all over the table. Beryl's bouquet was stuck in a vase, waiting to be taken tomorrow to poor Grandma in hospital.

In the kitchen, the faithful neighbors were still hard at work, washing up the piles of plates stained with beets and mustard and tomato sauce.

"She's gone," Mrs. Cotterell whispered into her crumpled handkerchief as her husband came in and put his arm around her.

"SOON be opening time," Geoff said, driving along the busy road to Seaferry. He had long ago stopped the car, taken the sardine tin off the back axle, and thrown it over a hedge.

"Silly old fool, Dad," he had said fondly. "Won't ever act his age."

Beryl thought so, too, but decided not to reopen that old discussion at such a time. For weeks, she had thought and talked and dreamed of the wedding, studied the advice to brides



in women's magazines—on makeup, etiquette, and Geoff's marital rights, which he must, she learned, not be allowed to anticipate. "Stop it, Geoff!" she had often said firmly. "I happen to want you to respect me, thank you very much." Unfortunately for her, Geoff was not the respectful kind, although, in his easygoing way, he consented to the celibacy—one of her girlish whims—and had even allowed the gratifying of his desires to be postponed from Easter until early summer because she had suddenly decided she wanted sweet peas in the bridesmaids' bouquets.

To the women's magazines Beryl

now felt she owed everything. Her faith in the advice they gave was justified. I expect Geoff's getting excited, she thought. She was really quite excited herself.

"Now where are you going?" she asked as he swerved suddenly off the road. It was perfectly plain that he was going into a public house, whose front door he had seen flung open just as he was about to pass it by.

"Well, here it is," he said. "The White Horse. The very first pub to have the privilege of serving a drink to Mr. and Mrs. Geoffrey Midwinter."

This pleased her, although she wanted to get to the hotel as quickly as she could, to unpack her trousseau before it creased too badly.

It was a dull little bar, smelling frowsty. The landlord was glumly watchful, as if they might suddenly get out of hand, or steal one of his cracked ashtrays.

Geoff, however, was in high spirits, and raised his pint pot and winked at his wife. "Well, here's in anticipation," he said. She looked demurely at her gin-and-orange, but she smiled. She loved him dearly. She was quite convinced of this, for she had filled in a questionnaire on the subject of love in one of her magazines, and had scored eighteen out of twenty, with a rating of "You and Cleopatra share the honors." Only his obsession with public houses worried her, but she was sure that—once she had him away from the influence of his father and brothers—she would be able to break the habit.

AT six o'clock Mr. Midwinter took his thirst and his derogatory opinions about the wedding down to the saloon bar of The Starter's Orders. His rueful face as he described the jugs of orangeade convulsed his friends. "Poor Geoff, what's he thinking of, marrying into a lot like that?" asked the barmaid.

"Won't make no difference to Geoff," said his father. "Geoff's like his Dad. Not given to asking anybody's by-your-leave when he feels like a pint."

Mrs. Midwinter had stayed at home alone. It had not occurred to her husband that she might be feeling flat after the day's excitement. She would not have remarked on it herself, knowing the problem was insoluble. He could not have taken her to a cinema, because Saturday evening was sacred to drinking, and although she would have liked to go with him for a glass of stout, she knew why she could not. He always drank in the Men Only bar at The Starter's Orders. "Well, you don't want me drinking with a lot of prosti-



"My compliments to the choreographer."

tutes, do you?" he often asked, and left her no choice, as was his habit.

BERYL had never stayed in a hotel before, and she was full of admiration at the commanding tone Geoff adopted as they entered the hall of The Seaferry Arms.

"Just one before we go up?" he inquired, looking toward the bar.

"Later, dear," she said firmly. "Let's unpack and tidy ourselves first; then we can have a drink before dinner." The word "dinner" depressed him. It threatened to waste a great deal of Saturday-evening drinking time.

From their bedroom window they could see a bleak stretch of promenade, gray and gritty. The few people down there either fought their way against the gale, with their heads bowed and coats clutched to their breasts, or seemed tumbled along with the wind at their heels. The sun, having shone on the bride, had long ago gone in, and it seemed inconceivable that it would ever come out again.

"No strolling along the prom tonight," said Geoff.

"Isn't it a shame? It's the only thing that's gone wrong."

Beryl began to hang up and spread about her filmy, lacy, ribboned lingerie.

"The time you take," he said. He had soon tipped everything out of his own case into a drawer. "What's this?" he asked, picking up something of mauve chiffon.

"My nightgown," she said primly.

"What ever for?"

"Don't be common." She always affected disapproval when he teased her, but her secret response was pleasurable and serene, even when the scolding was quite unheeded.

As she pottered about, Geoff became restless.

"Right. Well, I'm just going to spy out the lie of the land. Back in a minute," he said.

She was quite content to potter about the bedroom, laying traps for his seduction; but when she was ready at last, she realized that he had been away a long time. She stood by the window wondering what to do, knowing that it was time for them to go in to dinner. After a while, she decided that she would have to find him, and, feeling nervous and self-conscious, she went along the quiet landing and down the stairs. Her common sense took her toward the sound

of voices and laughter, and as soon as she opened the door of the bar, she was given a wonderful welcome from all the new friends Geoff had suddenly made.

IT seems ever so flat, doesn't it?" Mrs. Cotterell said. All of the washing up was done, but she was too tired to make a start on packing up the presents.

"It's the reaction," her husband said solemnly.

Voices from a play on the radio mingled with theirs, but were ignored. Mrs. Cotterell had her feet in a bowl of hot water. New shoes had given her agony. Beryl, better informed, had practiced wearing hers about the house for days before.

"Haven't done my corns any good," Mrs. Cotterell mourned. Her feet ached and throbbed, and so did her heart.

"It all went off well, though, didn't it?" she asked, as she had asked him a dozen times before.

"Thanks to you," he said dutifully. He was clearing out the budgerigar's cage—his evening task.

Mrs. Cotterell stared at her husband, on whose bald head the bird was sitting,

blinking and chattering. She suddenly saw him as a completely absurd figure, and she trembled with anger and self-pity. Something ought to have been done for her on such an evening, she thought; some effort should have been made to console and reward her. Instead, she was left to soak her feet and listen to a lot of North Country accents on the radio. She stretched out her hand and switched them off.

"What ever's wrong, Mother?"

"I can't stand any more of that 'By goom' and 'Now't' and 'Eee, lad.' It reminds me of that nasty Cousin Rose of yours."

"But we always listen to the play on a Saturday."

"This Saturday isn't like other Saturdays." She snatched her handkerchief out of her cuff and dabbed her eyes.

Mr. Cotterell leaned forward and patted her knee, and the budgerigar flew from his head and perched on her shoulder.

"That's right, Joey. You go to

Mother. She wants a bit of cheering up."

"I'm not his mother, if you don't mind, and I don't want cheering up from a bird."

"One thing I know is, you're overtired. I've seen it coming. You wouldn't care to put on your coat and stroll down to the Public for a glass of port, would you?"

"Don't be ridiculous," she said.

AFTER dinner, they drank their coffee all alone in the dreary lounge of The Seaferry Arms, and then Beryl went up to their room to bed. She had secret things to do to her hair and her face. "I'll just pour you out another cup," she said. "Then when you've drunk it you can come up."

"Right," he said solemnly, nodding his head.

"Don't be long, darling."

When she had gone, he sat and stared at the cup full of black coffee and then got up and made his way back to

the bar. All of his before-dinner cronies had left, and a completely different set of people stood round the bar. He ordered a beer and looked about him.

"Turned chilly," said the man next to him.

"Yes. Disappointing," he agreed. To make friends was the easiest thing in the world. In no time, he was at the heart of it all again.

At ten o'clock, Beryl, provocative in chiffon, as the magazines would have described her, burst into tears of rage. She could hear the laughter—so much louder now, toward closing time—downstairs in the bar and knew that the sound of it had drawn Geoff back. She was powerless—so transparently tricked out to tempt him—to do anything but lie and wait until, at the bar's emptying, he should remember her and stumble upstairs to bed.

It was not the first happy evening Geoff had spent in the bar of The Seaferry Arms. He had called there with the team, after cricket matches in the nearby villages. Seaferry was only twenty miles from home. Those summer evenings had all merged into one another, as drinking evenings should—and this one was merging with them. I'm glad I came, he thought, rocking slightly as he stood by the bar with two of his new friends. He couldn't remember having met nicer people. They were a very gay married couple. The wife had a miniature poodle, who had already wetted three times on the carpet. "She can't help it, can you, Angel?" her mistress protested. "She's quite neurotic—aren't you, precious thing?"

Doris—as Geoff had been told to call her—was a heavy jolly woman. The bones of her stays showed through her frock; her necklace of jet beads was powdered with cigarette ash. She clutched a large, shiny handbag and had snatched from it a pound note, which she began to wave in the air, trying to catch the barmaid's eye. "I say, Miss! What's her name, Ted? . . . Oh, yes. I say, Maisie! Same again, there's a dear girl."

It was nearly closing time, and a frenzied reordering was going on. The street door was pushed open and a man and woman with a murderous-looking bull terrier came in. "You stay there," the man said to the woman and the dog, and he left them and began to force his way toward the bar.

"Miss! Maisie!" Doris called frantically. Her poodle, venturing between people's legs, made another puddle, under a table, and approached the bull terrier.

"I say, Doris, call Zoë back," said



"This beat generation is us? No kidding!"

her husband. "And put that money away. I told you I'll get these."

"I insist. They're on me."

"Could you call your dog back?" the owner of the bull terrier asked them. "We don't want any trouble."

"Come, Zoë, pet!" Doris called. "He wouldn't hurt her, though. She's a bitch. Maisie! Oh, there's a dear. Same again, love. Large ones."

Suddenly, a dreadful commotion broke out. Doris was nearly knocked off her stool as Zoë came flying back to her for protection, with the bull terrier at her throat. She screamed and knocked over somebody's gin.

Geoff, who had been standing by the bar in a pleasurable haze, watching the barmaid, was, in spite of his feeling of unreality, the first to spring to life and pounce upon the bull terrier and grab his collar. The dog bit his hand, but he was too drunk to feel much pain. Before anyone could snatch Zoë out of danger, the barmaid lifted a jug of water and, meaning to pour it over the bull terrier, flung it instead over Geoff. The shock made him loosen his grip and the fight began again. A second time he grabbed at the collar and had his hand bitten once more; but now—belatedly, everyone else thought—the two dog owners came to his help. Zoë, with every likelihood of being even more neurotic in the future, was put, shivering, in her mistress's arms, the bull terrier was secured to his lead in disgrace, and Maisie called "Time."

After some recriminations between themselves, the dog owners thanked and congratulated Geoff. "Couldn't get near them," they said. "The bar was so crowded. Couldn't make head or tail of what was going on."

"Sorry you got so wet," said Doris.

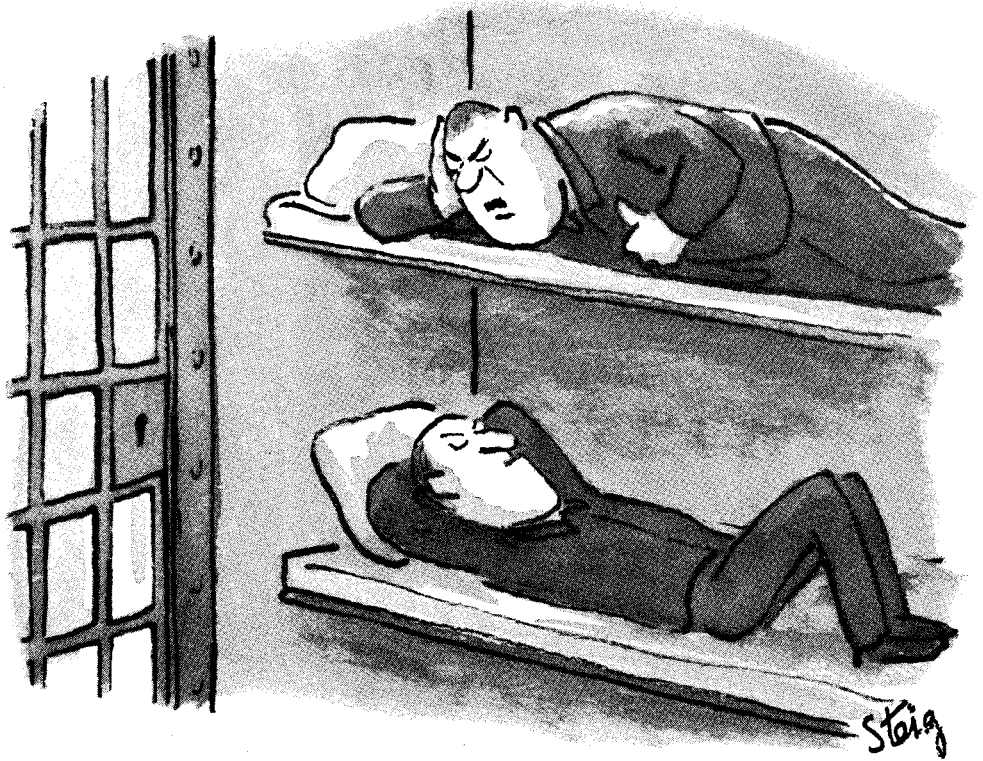
The bull terrier's owner felt rather ashamed of himself when he saw how pale Geoff was. "You all right?" he asked. "You look a bit shaken up."

Geoff examined his hand. There was very little blood, but he was beginning to be aware of the pain and felt giddy. He shook his head but could not answer. Something dripped from his hair onto his forehead, and when he dabbed at it with his handkerchief, he was astonished to see water and not blood.

"You got far to go?" the man asked him. "Where's your home?"

"Lissport."

"That's our way, too, if you want a lift." Whether Geoff had a car or not, the man thought, he was in no condition to drive it, although whether from shock or alcohol, or both, it was difficult to decide.



"I believe in looking out for Number One."

"I'd like a lift," Geoff murmured drowsily. "Many thanks."

"No, any thanks are due to you."

"DOESN'T it seem strange without Geoff?" Mrs. Midwinter asked her husband. He was back from The Starter's Orders, had taken off his collar and tie, and was staring gloomily at the dying fire.

"Les and Ron home yet?" he asked.

"No, they won't be, till half past twelve. They've gone to the dance at the Town Hall."

"Half past twelve! It's scandalous the way they carry on. Drinking themselves silly, I've no doubt at all. Getting decent girls into trouble."

"It's only a dance, Dad."

"And their last one. I'm not having it. Coming home drunk on a Sunday morning and lying in bed till all hours to get over it. When was either of them last at Chapel? Will you tell me that?"

Mrs. Midwinter sighed and folded up her knitting.

"I can't picture why Geoff turned from Chapel like that." Mr. Midwinter seemed utterly depressed about his sons, as he often was at this time on a Saturday night.

"Well, he was courting. . . ."

"First time I've been in a Church was today," Mr. Midwinter said, "and I was not impressed."

"I thought it was lovely, and you

took your part just as if you did it every day."

"I wasn't worried about my part. Sort of thing like that makes no demands on me. What I didn't like was the service, to which I took exception, and that namby-pamby parson's voice. To me, the whole thing was—insincere."

Mrs. Midwinter held up her hand to silence him. "There's a car stopping outside. It can't be the boys yet."

From the street, they both heard Geoff's voice shouting goodbye; then a car door was slammed, and the iron gate opened with a whining sound.

"Dad, it's Geoff!" Mrs. Midwinter whispered. "There must have been an accident. Something's happened to Beryl."

"Well, he sounded cheerful enough about it."

They could hear Geoff coming unsteadily up the garden path. When Mrs. Midwinter threw open the door, he stood there blinking at the sudden light, and swaying.

"Geoff! What ever's wrong?"

"I've got wet, Mum, and I've hurt my hand," Geoff said.

—ELIZABETH TAYLOR

'58 MODEL Columbia 360 Hi-fi 4-speaker system. \$180.00. Value \$140.00. Call EL 5-0943. Ask for Don.—Adv. in the Salt Lake City Utah Daily Chronicle.

Ask for Honest Don.



"Some vacation! He just sits there muttering 'Nine hundred dollars a month' over and over again, until I'm going nuts."

INDIAN BURIAL

DURING the summer of 1932, I spent two months with my mother's sister, Edith Johnson, and her family on their farm in Ridley Bottom, a valley on the Missouri River in central South Dakota. At Ridley Bottom the bluffs withdraw from the north side of the river in a sweeping arc, creating a valley seven miles long and two miles across at the widest. The bluffs are gumbo hills, covered with sagebrush, buffalo grass, and rocks, but the valley itself has a rich overlay of flood silt. In 1932, there were four farms in the valley, as well as an old, deserted mission, with a small cemetery beside it, established for a Sioux tribe that had lived in the valley before it was moved to a reservation. The only passage between the Bottom and the prairie beyond the bluffs was a dirt road that plunged precipitously down a bare bluff at the east end of the valley. When it rained, this road was impassable.

The Johnsons had a new five-room yellow stucco house, set into the cliff beside the valley road just where it reached the Bottom. Previously, they had lived in a crumbling log cabin, and the increased space probably accounted for my invitation to visit them. I was an only child and, at least in terms of South Dakota, a city child, since I lived in the town of Brookings, and I'm sure that Aunt Edith and Uncle Edwin, as well as my parents, believed that a summer on the farm would be good for me.

I did not want to go; I had seen Ridley Bottom several times when my parents and I stopped there briefly on trips across the state, and neither the farm nor the Johnsons themselves offered sufficient attraction to make me want to give up the summer plans I had made with my friends at home. However, I don't remember that I was consulted at all. It was apparently assumed that I would welcome this opportunity, just as it seems to have been assumed that my cousin Ansel and I—probably because we were both eleven—were bound to find pleasure in each other's company.

The family ate in the kitchen—a large room with a long, narrow, oil-cloth-covered table in the center. Uncle Edwin sat at the end of the table nearest the living-room door. He never talked during a meal. He simply ate, his hands and his jaw moving constantly. When he was through eating, he got up immediately and left the kitchen. I remember watching his hands as they reached out for what he wanted. They were always scrubbed and shining, but

there was dirt deeply ingrained in a network of cuts and wrinkles, and his fingernails were usually black. The white skin of his head contrasted sharply with his bronzed face and with the triangle of sunburn on his neck where his shirt lay open. He was bald, and always wore a hat outdoors.

Aunt Edith sat at the opposite end of the table, next to the cookstove, her face a steamy red, her hair straggling down her neck, her eyes bright and observant. She was an uncorseted and unpowdered image of my mother, and her appearance gave me at least a bit of comfort by thus being a tie to my own home. Her cooking, though, was very different from my mother's. I could eat Aunt Edith's chicken and her fresh bread, but the rest of her food I found nearly inedible. Everything tasted the same—a combination of greasiness and strong seasoning.

My four cousins and I sat along the sides of the table. Edward and Robert, eighteen and seventeen, had already moved into the adult world of farm-work. Judith, nine, was a pigtailed tomboy who wore glasses, and who—alone of all the Johnsons—chattered endlessly. Ansel, of course, was the cousin I was expected to play with, but, though it seemed that no adult recognized the fact, we were almost opposite types. I was large, slow, and unimaginative, having been carefully reared toward small-town respectability. I was certainly as willing as any boy to rise to the challenge of an adventure, but, at least in comparison with my cousin, I lacked some essential sixth sense—an ability to recognize or invent adventures, and to shape and drive them to a point of ultimate daring. Ansel was small, bright, and intense, with an almost military stance, and he seemed overwhelmingly sure of himself. He had, furthermore, a kind of magic touch that invested his days with greatness, and he seemed to have amassed a wealth of experience that he owned like a man. After a day spent hunting rattlesnakes, for example, Ansel would sit across from me at the supper table with such an air of accomplishment and self-satisfaction that I would look at him with wonder. I don't remember ever thinking that I liked or disliked him. He was too far beyond my experience of eleven-year-old boys for that, and he seemed to me strange, and rather hopelessly adult.

In the evening, a kerosene lamp would be placed on the round table in the living room, and Ansel and Judith

and I would play rummy or some other card game. Uncle Edwin would open the Pierre newspaper, which had come in the day's mail, and promptly fall asleep on the leather sofa. His head would roll back, his mouth would open, and he would snore. Slowly, a large collection of insects would appear around the lamp, and each of them, it seemed, paused in its frenzied circlings to crawl on me. I was used to a house that in summer was always cool, dark, and closed against the hot wind of Dakota. My mother's life was an unrelenting battle against forces outside her house that tried to get in—dust and insects and heat. If a miller or a fly was seen in our house, my mother did not rest until it was dead.

The Johnsons, however, not only had made their peace with the forces of nature but felt a kind of impatient contempt for anyone who had not. They ignored insects, and I alone battled the ones that nightly circled the lamp. But the family did notice my squirming and slapping. Could I not sit still, someone would ask.

"Well, the bugs . . ." I would begin, and then Aunt Edith would say, "Why don't you move over away from the light?"

"Then we can't play cards any more," Ansel would say, slapping his hand down and gathering up the deck. Judith would groan and sigh elaborately.

Often, in the afternoons, Ansel, Judith, and I would go swimming in the Missouri, a treacherous and muddy river, with a swift current in the center where the water was deep. The Johnsons had all learned to swim in the river, but I was used to a Y.M.C.A. pool, and I was afraid of the river's dark speed. Nonetheless, I ventured two or three times beyond the sandy shallows into the main stream, or at least to the edge of it. The first time I felt the current suddenly grab me like a strong hand, it seemed that my breath had been pulled out of my lungs, and I frantically flailed my arms, making my way back to calm side water. Shaking and dripping, I came out onto the bank, and Ansel walked over to me. His dark-brown eyes glared with a cold, adult look. "Are you trying to kill yourself?" he asked.

I was astounded at the severity of his tone. "I just went to the edge of the current," I said.

"It's stupid to swim out there when you don't know how. If you get in trouble, don't expect *me* to rescue you."

He walked to the edge of the river, plunged in, and swam to a sandbar



JULY 5, 1958



"Mercy, there's nothing very subliminal about him, is there?"

about twenty feet into the current. There he lay down and closed his eyes, while I had to stay in the shallows with Judith. It was humiliating.

In nothing else was I as anxious to impress Ansel as in our rattlesnake-hunting expeditions, probably because I was more afraid of the snakes than I was of any other thing in Ridley Bottom. The Missouri River bluffs are inhabited by thousands of rattlesnakes. Not even the Johnsons had made their peace with the snakes, though they claimed that one rarely saw a rattler in the valley itself; six or seven times a year, perhaps, a snake would be found somewhere on the farm and killed. The boys all had impressive collections of rattles, trophies gathered not only from the snakes they had killed on the farm but also from the ones they had bagged during their shooting expeditions on the bluffs. Robert and Edward, in their day, had been content simply to shoot at snakes sunning themselves on a ledge, but Ansel characteristically thought of a way to improve on this game.

"We'll find whole dens of them under the big rocks," he said to me one day when we were out along the bluffs, his eyes shining at the inspiration of his scheme. Holding the gun he was carrying in one hand, he began scrambling among some boulders, tugging at each one and kicking loose those he could move. I followed cautiously. I didn't

want to hunt rattlesnakes at all, of course, but when Ansel came to a large boulder he couldn't move by himself, he beckoned me forward. "Turn that rock over," he commanded, and he stationed himself to one side, ready to shoot. I hadn't really imagined what it would be like to uncover a nest of snakes. When I finally managed to tug the stone out of place and saw below me a mass of hissing rattlers, I screamed, let the rock go bounding down the hill, and went racing after it, rolling and crawling and running. I knew I was screaming, but the wind seemed to snatch my cries away. Behind me, though, I could hear Ansel whooping with laughter, and then his gun went off several times. Suddenly, I felt a sharp sting on my leg, and, having reached the road in the valley, I ran toward the farmhouse, yelling that I had been bitten. It turned out that I had been grazed by one of Ansel's bullets, which must have ricocheted off a rock.

This incident produced a family council that evening, at which Aunt Edith laid down the law. The others were not to frighten me, she said, and I was not to be forced to do anything I didn't want to do. Furthermore, she added, the boys must remember that I was from the city and hadn't yet learned some things they had known all their lives. As she spoke, I was utterly miserable. I wanted to explain that no one

lacked knowledge and courage; I was wanting in some indefinable quality that made life in Ridley Bottom easy and natural—a quality that the Johnsons all automatically possessed and that, for some mysterious reason, I could never, never possess, no matter what I did. My faults lay not in my actions but in me.

After the talk that evening, I slipped out of the house and went across the farmyard and sat on the edge of the horse trough. The night was filled with restless noises from the barns and from the woods down by the river. I remember that there was only a fingernail of a moon, and I remember also that, feeling desperate in that dark and hated place, I hoped a rattlesnake would come along and bite me. I would let it, I thought. It would make no difference at all. I would let it bite me and not tell anyone. Actually, I don't suppose I stayed out there very long. The mosquitoes were thick around the watering trough, and I finally went back in the house and crawled into bed. I did lie awake a long time, though, thinking about my own room at home and listening to the snores of the Johnson family.

ONLY once after that did Ansel force me to do anything I didn't want to do. The incident involved Little Bear, an ancient and recalcitrant Sioux who lived in an old log cabin up in one of the draws set into the bluffs. Even

Aunt Edith would have known that no family rules held for Ansel if they conflicted with his devotion to this old man. More than anything else, it was Ansel's knowledge about and love for the Indians that made him seem strangely adult to me. I knew nothing as thoroughly as he knew the Sioux's customs and history, and I did not care for anything—certainly not for anything abstract—as passionately as he cared that honor be paid to the Sioux. He had been taught that their way of life had been noble and far better suited to the conditions of the plains than the civilization of the white men who had usurped them. The intensity with which Ansel embraced these ideas must have startled even his father, who had taught them to him.

All of Ansel's heightened love for things Indian had been concentrated in his devotion to Little Bear. The old Indian was past taking care of himself, yet he refused to go to a reservation, and Ansel acted as if he were the old man's sole provider and protector. I knew that Uncle Edwin and the other farmers in the valley kept Little Bear supplied with discarded clothing and that they stopped in to see him two or three times a month, but Ansel pretended to believe that his own three trips a week, carrying food his mother had packed, were the only succor the old man had. Generally I went with Ansel on these expeditions, and as we walked up the draw, he would lecture to me about the greatness of Little Bear and the glory of the Sioux nation.

I knew nothing about the Sioux nation, but it was impossible for me to see Little Bear as anything but an ugly old man, not much more than tanned-leather skin and bones, who lived in the most overpoweringly foul-smelling shack I had ever been in. The first few times I went with Ansel to see him, early in the summer, Little Bear was able to hobble outdoors, and we would sit on a bench on the north side of the cabin. He ignored me, for the most part, which was all right with me, since I had nothing to say to him. Ansel didn't talk much, either. Little Bear didn't want conversation; he wanted an audience, and we were perfectly suited to that role. He was a profane old man, but I doubt whether his language hurt us. Half the time, we

couldn't understand his mumbled words, and when we could, the tales he told were so disconnected that they made little sense. I know now that he wasn't telling us true stories of his youth; his mind had slipped back to tales he had heard of the days before the white man came.

"I counted coup on three Crows in one day," he said once, chortling to himself. "The Crows made the mistake of stealing horses." He bent over, coughing and cackling, and slapped his knee. "I was just a boy, but—heh, heh!—I ran in and struck 'em, and they never touched me." The rest of the story was lost in Little Bear's appreciation of whatever memories he had evoked. Ansel was unbelievably polite to him. He seemed content to sit for hours and listen to gibberish. I was not only bored but hot, and usually thirsty, and the flies and the stench of the cabin and of the old man himself made me miserable.

Later in the summer, Little Bear became too weak to leave his pallet, and then Ansel would squat on the floor next to the Indian's head. I refused to stay in the cabin, and would either wait for Ansel outside or walk back to the farm.

Two weeks before I was to go home, we visited Little Bear on an afternoon when the temperature must have reached a hundred and ten, as it can in Dakota, and the usual strong, dry wind was not blowing. The sun burned down on the valley, and the dust from our heels hung in the air behind us. By the time we had trudged along the road and then climbed into the draw where the cabin was, I was panting for air. Ansel, though he carried his gun and a paper sack of canned food, was his usual stiff little militaristic self, and this afternoon he came smartly to attention in the door-

way before going in. The sun had made me slightly sick, and my eyes seemed hot and dry and gritty. I decided that I had to have a drink of water, and I started toward the spring at the head of the draw. There was also a bit of shade there, for a few stunted and scraggly trees grew near the spring.

I was walking slowly, searching the dry, dusty grass for snakes, when I heard a sudden crackle of twigs behind me. I jumped and turned around. It was Ansel. He was marching toward me, a look of stern importance on his face. He stood a moment in silence, stiff-shouldered and scowling.

"He's dead," he said.

"Little Bear?" I asked.

He ignored me. I stood a moment in silence also. It seemed appropriate, and I didn't know what else to do. Ansel was squinting at the area around the spring.

"We'd better get Uncle Edwin," I said, and started down the path toward the valley road.

Ansel caught my arm. "No," he said. "We don't want anybody. We can do this alone."

"Do what? We ought to get Uncle Edwin."

"We're going to give him an Indian burial. He was a great Indian chief, and he should have an Indian burial."

"He wasn't a chief at all," I said.

Ansel tightened his fingers on my elbow. "He was a great Indian, true to the last, and he *wants* an Indian burial."

I jerked my arm loose. Ansel had the gleam in his eyes that he got when he was thinking fast, inspired.

"We can't bury that old Indian," I said. "We don't have any shovels. Besides, I'm not going to bury anyone. You have to report deaths. Anybody knows that. It's the law. You have to report deaths to the sheriff or somebody."

"White man's laws,"

Ansel said. He turned again and squinted at the spring, hands on his hips, moving in the stiff, jerking fashion he adopted whenever he took command. "You'll have to help," he said. "I can't do it alone." Then he turned and scowled at me. "But I wish it was somebody else," he added. "Little Bear didn't like you."

"Well, I didn't like Little Bear, either," I said.

"It doesn't make any difference who you



like or don't like," Ansel said. "You're going to have to help me."

"We don't have any shovels," I repeated. "We can't bury him."

"That's all you know about it," Ansel said. "You don't know anything. You don't even know how Indians buried their dead. They put them in trees. Indians who didn't die in battle were wrapped in their blankets with their belongings and put in trees. You didn't even know that." He gave me a shove. "We're going to put Little Bear in that broken cottonwood over by the spring. Come on." He shoved me again toward the cabin.

Not until we got to the door did I find the courage to protest. "I'm not going to touch that old dead Indian. I'm not going to put him in any tree."

Before I knew what had happened, Ansel had twisted my right arm behind my back and pushed me against the side of the house. "God damn you!" he said. "You're going to help me give Little Bear a proper burial, and you're going to be a man about it, you big sissy. I'll make you be a man once while you're here, or I'll kill you. If you act like a baby, I'll kill you. If you start down that path, I'll shoot you in the back."

He was half a head shorter than I, and at least twenty pounds lighter. I knew that he was harder and stronger, but my first thought was to push him away and walk back to the farmhouse. I was sure he wouldn't hurt me, much less shoot me. That exaggeration was simply a part of Ansel's usual heightened sense of the dramatic. But when I looked at his face, about five inches from my own, I became terrified. No one, it seemed to me, could possibly make his eyes flash with so much hate and power just to exaggerate and dramatize an adventure. I suddenly realized that Ansel couldn't be trusted to know the limits of his own imaginings. In my terror, I yelled, "All right, I'll help you bury your old Indian!"

LITTLE BEAR was lying on his pallet, his head to one side, a toothless grin stiff on his face and his eyes open. Ansel immediately began scurrying about. He arranged Little Bear on a blanket and began gathering up the Indian's junk. It made a poor showing; there was a rusty gun, a few strings of beads, and some old clothes, all of which Ansel threw onto the blanket beside the body. Then he hesitated a moment, but finally he quickly reached out and tried to close Little Bear's eyes. The lids wouldn't shut, and he hurriedly folded the blanket over the body, bringing the ends up so

AROUND THE MOUNTAIN

Some of you may know, others perhaps can guess
How it is to walk all night through summer rain
(Thin rain that shrouds a beneficent moon),
To circle a mountain, and then limp home again.

The experience varies with a traveller's age,
And bodily strength, and strength of the love affair
That harries him out-of-doors in steady drizzle,
With neither jacket nor hat, and holds him there.

Still, let us concede some common elements:
Wildfire that, until midnight, burns his feet;
And, surging rankly up, strong on the palate,
Scents of July, imprisoned by long heat.

Add: the subhuman black tree-silhouettes
Against a featureless pale pall of sky;
Unseen, gurgling water; the bulk and menace
Of entranced houses; a wraith wandering by;

Milestones, each one witness of a new mood—
Anger, desperation, grief, regret;
Her too-familiar face that whirls and totters
In memory, never willing to stay set.

Whoever makes the desired turning point,
Which means another fifteen miles to go,
Learns more from dawn than love, so far, has taught him—
Especially the false dawn, when cocks first crow.

Those last few miles are easy. Being assured
Of the fact, why should he fabricate fresh lies?
His house looms up; the eaves drip drowsily;
The windows blaze to a resolute sunrise.

—ROBERT GRAVES

that we could carry it in a sort of hammock.

I suppose that from the moment I walked inside the cabin, I didn't really think about what I was doing. I merely followed Ansel's directions. I didn't touch the body but only grasped the two corners of the blanket above Little Bear's feet. When we lifted him, I had a moment of panic, for the body was heavier than I had expected. Actually, Little Bear must have weighed no more than ninety pounds by the time he died, and we were able to carry him without too much trouble, but I had never experienced before the peculiarly inert weight dead things have, and I almost lost my hold on the blanket.

We got him out of the cabin, all right, and started up the slope toward the head of the draw. Halfway there, my mind began working again. Perhaps it was the effect of the sunshine and fresh air. In

any case, I started to shake, and soon I stumbled and dropped my end of the blanket. Ansel lowered his end gently to the ground. I didn't dare say anything. I just stood there, shaking and looking at Ansel. I suppose my silence must have made him realize that I was desperate.

"We'll rest a minute," he said. He glanced down at the valley road, probably to make sure that no one was in sight, then sat down at my feet, pulled out a stalk of dried grass, and began chewing it.

"See that tree over there?" he asked. "We'll put him in the crotch of that tree."

"I don't believe the Indians ever buried their dead in trees," I said.

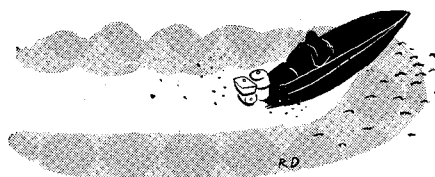
"Yes, they did," he said. "Some Indians built scaffolds for their dead, but the Hunkpapa Sioux didn't have enough wood for that. They put them in trees, if there were any trees around."

"Well, I think Uncle Edwin should help."

"No."

"If you don't want him to, then you know you're doing wrong," I said.

"Of course he wouldn't do it, stupid!



He'd take Little Bear in to town, and they'd bury him in a pauper's grave, or they'd take him to the reservation and bury him. Little Bear hated the reservation. They don't know that. I'm the only one who knows what he liked. He was my brother, and I'm going to bury him."

I was silent. I looked down at the top of Ansel's head, then along the draw to where the valley road crossed the brown expanse of burned grass, and beyond to the green line of trees marking the river. The air was absolutely still, and heavy with heat. I could feel fear collecting inside me like a heavy ball in the pit of my stomach. I was afraid of Ansel, of his wild imagination and exaggerations, but it seemed a point of honor that I protest at least once more. "You weren't his brother," I said.

He jumped up and grabbed my shirt. "I was, too! I was, too, his brother!" he said fiercely. "Little

Bear adopted me into the tribe. He initiated me. One whole day I laid naked in the sun. I couldn't move—not for ants or flies or snakes or anything. One whole day I laid out in the sun, and I didn't even move a finger. You couldn't do that if you tried for a million years. So shut up. Little Bear initiated me, and adopted me as his brother. And now I'm going to bury him the right way, because there isn't anybody left in his family but me." He let go of my shirt and stood panting in front of me. "I shouldn't have told you that," he said. "I wasn't supposed to tell anybody." He stood a moment in silence, then marched over and picked up the blanket under Little Bear's head. "You keep it to yourself," he said. "Come on. Let's go."

When I picked up the other end of the blanket, I got a good hold on only one corner. The gun and beads fell out, and the body started to slip sideways.

"Grab him. Let those things go," Ansel ordered. "We'll get them later."

We carried the body up the draw and laid it beside the cottonwood. Ansel walked around the tree, deciding which way to get the body wedged into the crotch. "Be careful," he said. "This is a big rattlesnake den." I examined the ground all around me. "We'll come in from this direction. I'll put his head up



"I thank you, sir; the automotive industry thanks you; the United Auto Workers thank you; our government thanks you; and all men everywhere throughout this great land of ours thank you."

in the crotch, and then I'll get up there and pull while you push."

The tree looked as though it had been hit by lightning. About a foot above my head, the trunk was split, and a branch had been partly torn off. We lifted the body as high as our arms would reach, and Ansel got the shoulders started into the crotch. Then he climbed up above the crotch, and, with him tugging and me shoving, we were able to work the body up and in until it was firmly wedged. The blanket, of course, had been stripped off. Ansel picked it up and began trying to throw it over Little Bear. He sent me back to collect the gun and the beads. I was happy to get away even for a moment. As I was picking up the beads, Ansel yelled for me to go back to the cabin and see if I could find anything else to put with the body.

"What kind of things?" I asked.

"Anything," he answered.

I left the gun and the beads on the ground and went down to the cabin. Never had it smelled so foul. I stood in the doorway, trying to spot some object within easy reach that I could take—something that would satisfy Ansel. To my right was an orange crate, full of cans of food, and three brown paper sacks, which I knew contained salt, sugar, and flour. Hanging on the wall

over it was a blackened frying pan. I reached for the pan and found a rosary underneath it, hung on the same nail. I didn't know what it was, but when I saw the cross hanging from it, I knew that I had found something that would be appropriate. I suppose that sometime during his stay in the valley Little Bear must have been converted. I was glad to have found something so easily. Over behind the pallet I saw another orange crate filled with junk, and I started toward it.

The instant I stepped on the bed, I heard a warning rattle. I jumped away. A snake was curled on the pile of dirty blankets at the foot of the pallet. It flashed through my mind that the snake had killed Little Bear and that it might have been hidden in the blankets when I had gone to pick up the Indian's feet. And if there is one snake, I thought, there must be others, either in the orange crate or under the pillow at my feet or behind me along the wall. I flung the frying pan and the rosary at the snake, leaped for the door, and raced down the hill toward the road. Behind me I heard Ansel yelling, and just as I tripped on a stone, I heard what sounded like a shot.

I rolled over and looked back at Ansel. He didn't have his gun at all—it was propped against a wall of the cabin—

but was standing under the tree holding a broken-off branch, which, I then realized, he must have struck against the trunk, to frighten me. He was standing just below the crotch where the Indian's body lay, and he had never looked so stern, so completely and coldly contemptuous.

Slowly I got up and walked on down the slope toward the valley road. Gradually, tears began to roll down my hot cheeks, until, by the time I could see the Johnsons' farm, I was sobbing in great, heaving cries. I didn't want to go back to the farm crying, and since I couldn't get to the river except through the farmyard, I found myself with no place to go, no place to hide, in all that sun-baked, treeless valley. There was nothing I could do but lie down in the dirt road and sob.

I have no idea how long I cried. At length I became aware again of the sun, and of the flies, and of the dirt in my mouth and the mud streaked on my face by the tears. I sat up, beat the flies away, and tried to wipe my face with my handkerchief. It occurred to me, now I was away from Ansel and Little Bear, that I had done something no adult would have done. There was no courage or

honor involved in carrying that dead Indian up into a rattlesnake den and shoving him into a tree. That was not brave. It was ridiculous. If I had not been so alone, so separated from the Johnsons' life and so afraid of their scorn, Ansel would never have been able to make me weak and frightened enough to do what he had forced me to. Because I hated and feared Ridley Bottom, I had done things I would never have ordinarily done. I didn't understand how the two ideas fitted together, but I knew that it was so.

While I was sitting there, I heard Ansel coming down the road. To my relief, he walked right past me without a word, and I didn't look up until he was fifteen or twenty feet beyond me. He carried his gun in one hand and some rattles in the other.

I continued to sit in the road until I was sure that the Johnsons had started eating supper. Then I walked on to the farm and went to the horse trough, under the windmill, to wash my face and hands. The water was cold, and I scooped up handfuls of it and splashed it on my face. Suddenly I stopped and looked at my hands. They had carried a

dead Indian, I thought in wonder. I dipped them into the water and looked at them again.

A breeze was just starting up, and overhead the windmill creaked around once or twice, stopped, and then slowly started to turn again. I could hear the horses down in the barn knocking against their stalls, and the pigs grunting and rooting in the pigpens. There seemed to be an immense stillness over the place, even though the windmill was creaking, and I could hear the animal noises and the birds in the cottonwoods by the river calling and talking as they settled in the branches for the night.

Through the kitchen window I could see the kerosene lamp on the table and the shadows of the people around it. Between them and me, between the house and the horse trough, the distance of a city block, there wasn't a blade of grass. Around the house itself there wasn't even a tree.

I looked at my hands again. They seemed somehow different to me; they had changed during the summer without my noticing it. They were broadened and rough, and, like Uncle Edwin's, they had grime in the cracks; they scarcely seemed to be mine any more. And when I looked again at that house, I had a strange rush of feeling for the Johnsons, something I had never felt before for anyone or anything—a feeling that I hadn't willed into existence but that seemed to rise out of some part of me I didn't know existed. I saw the Johnsons as people separate from me, people who went on living in that barren place when I was not there, during blizzards in the winter and floods in the spring. And, oddly, the fact that they were wholly separate from me made them seem suddenly much more important and kinder and less strange than I had believed them to be. I had never thought about Ridley Bottom as being Ansel's whole life, or as being, really, his home. I suddenly realized, too, that I didn't care what Ansel had told or not told the family about our afternoon or why I was late for supper.

I wiped my hands on my shirttail and started toward the house. Then I stopped, picked up a stone, looked around, and threw it at the windmill. It hit the scaffold, and it made, I thought, a magnificent metallic ring. Confidently, I turned and ran toward the house.

—DEAN DONER



"No, I found my ball. I'm looking for the golf course."

Mr. Frame is an American and, as they say over there, his accent of transposition was just what was required at this juncture.—*New Statesman*.

Oh, not always.

•• PROFILES

URGENT! RUSH!

TO most people, running errands may seem a menial, even dreary calling, but not to Irving Seiden, an enthusiastic, restless man of thirty-eight, who, as the vice-president and general manager of Mercury Service Systems, runs the largest messenger firm in New York. As he sees it, the day-and-night hustling of messengers through the city's streets constitutes the lifeblood of the metropolis. If New York were to be deprived of the services of these unsung and anonymous couriers, in the opinion of Seiden, who used to be one himself, it would become a ghost town—still big, of course, but with none of its characteristic tempo, efficiency, style. "The climax of most human negotiations is getting something from here to there, and in New York it's the messengers who do the getting," Seiden said not long ago, and his small brown eyes, behind thick glasses, lighted up with an embattled, beady brightness. "You can knock yourself out on a job—making a sale, drawing up a contract, laying out a department-store ad—but what good is it going to be if the thing you've been sweating over doesn't reach the guy who wants it when he wants it? That's where we come in. But our work isn't all just run-of-the-mill. We get plenty of special assignments. For instance, suppose you're in charge of a television station and you've got your cameramen out on Long Island shooting pictures of a search for a little girl who's lost in the woods. Well, they've shot some, but they've got to hang around so they can shoot more if anything new breaks. Naturally, you're in a hurry to show the pictures they've already got, so you hire a helicopter to fly out and bring them in. Well, who's going off in that eggbeater with the pilot to find your cameramen and fly back hugging the film? And who's going straight to the studio with it as soon as the pilot lands? A messenger, of course. Or say you're a theatrical producer and you've got a play with a part that's perfect for a certain actress. You're not going to mail the play to her, are you? That's no way to treat a leading lady. And you're not going to let on how badly you want her by delivering it yourself. The messenger again—there's your solution. Oh, messengers have been around for a long time. The ancient gods had Mercury—or, if that's getting too near

home, let's call him Hermes. And then there was Leonidas, who needed that courier at Thermopylae, and there were plenty more like that, right down through the ages. And messengers are as essential as ever today—more so, even. Sure, there's the telephone and the telegraph, but the foot will always be the big thing. The tangibles—documents, merchandise, objects of all kinds that, when they're needed, are needed badly—you can't send them by telephone. No, sir, they've got to be delivered. Messenger boys, I tell you—they're the infantry of modern business. And, like the infantry, they're appreciated only when there's some big crisis."

Several times a year, as an indication of his own respect for these battalions in mufti, Seiden drops in on one of Mercury's branch offices and, sitting down on a bench with whatever messengers happen to be waiting there between errands, does his best to engage them in uplifting shoptalk. It is usually hard going, though, because, as he sadly admits, few of the firm's messengers have any sense of mission about their work. About half of them are middle-aged family men, working for Mercury in their spare time to supplement the wages they receive as firemen, postmen, civil-service clerks, and so on, together with a scattering of older men, who either can't get along on their Social Security benefits or are plain lonely, and like to run errands because of the fleeting moments of sociability they can enjoy with a succession of receptionists and shipping-room foremen. The other half are youngsters, who are going to high school and work part time, or who have had all the formal education they want or can afford. Hardly any of these youths, Seiden knows, plan to remain in the messenger business, but their obvious indifference to his chosen livelihood does not prevent him from attempting to instill a little professional pride into them as he sits there on the bench. "It was an uphill fight," Seiden confessed to a friend after one such expedition. "I tried to strike up a conversation by betting the boys they couldn't tell me what street in Manhattan runs north, south, east, and west. Not one of them knew. As a matter of fact, it's Pearl Street, and I told them so, but they didn't seem particularly interested. Youngsters don't care about the city the way I did when I was a messenger—and still do. Care



Irving Seiden

about it? Hell, I love it! These kids—one errand's the same as another to them. I try to get some idea across to them of how important and exciting the job is, but I can't say I've had much success. Most of them just clam up when I come around."

In speaking highly of messenger work, Seiden, who is a six-footer with a shock of wavy brown hair graying somewhat at the temples, believes that, on the whole, he is presenting an objective view, but he does not hesitate to admit that personal considerations are also involved. Over the twenty-one years that he has commanded a division of New York's small army of messengers—there are ninety-eight solvent messenger firms in the city, employing about three thousand men and boys—his standard of living has risen steadily. While the business is hardly on a level with banking or steel, it has flourished prodigiously in the last quarter of a century, and in 1957, New York's messenger-service companies had a combined gross income of about \$6,000,000, on which they made a net profit, before taxes, of twenty per cent, or \$1,200,000. (The size of Mercury's slice of this pie is indicated by the fact that the firm employs an average of three hundred messengers, or approximately ten per cent of the whole.) Well as the business is doing, though, a reasonably safe assumption would be that it has yet to produce a millionaire. "Seiden and some of his colleagues have risen from rags, all right," I. S. Immerman, the attorney for the Associa-



"Isn't it wonderful? They only met this evening, and already they're on a first-name basis."

tion of Messenger Services, which tries to make its members play fair with one another, said not long ago. "But my guess is that up to now, at least, they haven't exactly risen to riches. I wouldn't class them as tycoons." Nonetheless, Seiden, who—with his wife and their two sons, aged three and five—lives in a comfortable apartment in Rego Park, Queens, is quite pleased to be doing as well as he is. "Listen, for me it's a break just to be working indoors," he is likely to say when the subject comes up.

One reason the messenger-service business has hatched few, if any, tycoons is that it is confined almost entirely to New York. Some firms, including Mercury, have tried to build the sort of nationwide organization on which big fortunes are usually founded, but their efforts have been, by and large, un-

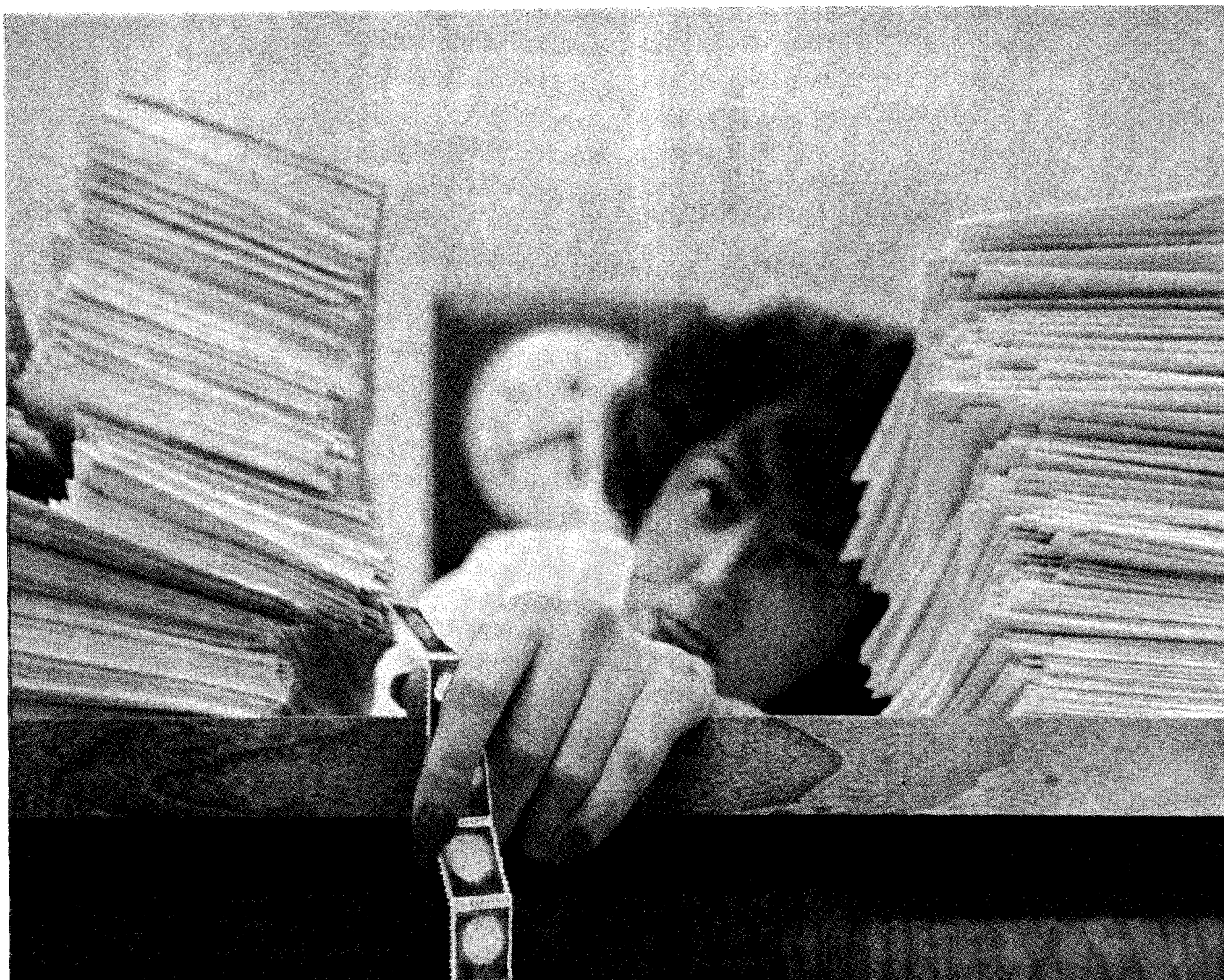
availing. This state of affairs is a mystery to some people, but Seiden isn't one of them. He is convinced that, among all American cities, New York—and, in particular, that wildly active and moneyed section of Manhattan between the Battery and Seventy-second Street—stands alone with the Olympian gods in its need of messenger services on a full-time, organized basis. "Whenever we've surveyed another city with the idea of maybe opening an office there, the story's always the same," he says. "The people in other cities just aren't in the hurry New Yorkers are in, and people who aren't in a hurry don't need a messenger service. Some years ago, we opened an office in Chicago, but it never got off the ground. So if not Chicago, where? People in other cities may imagine they want speed, but usually they're

willing to wait for the postman. In New York, though, there's a constant element of pressure. 'Urgent!' 'Rush!' Why, practically every envelope or package our boys carry is stamped with one or both of those words. That word 'Rush!' especially. It's become commonplace. I guess New Yorkers are ashamed to admit that they're ever *not* in a rush. Which is fine from our way of thinking. It's where our living comes from."

IT was during the depression that organized messenger service in New York really got going—and Seiden's career with it. To people who find it strange that a service designed to speed the transaction of business should have gained momentum at a time when there was almost no business to transact, Seiden points out that it was also a time when a lot of young men were clamoring for a chance to run errands for very small change, even if the work, like selling apples, was no more than a stopgap until times got better.

When, at last, times did get better, the situation was reversed; the number of those eager, or even willing, to run errands diminished drastically, while the demands of businessmen for such service increased enormously. This was all very surprising to Seiden, and it was even more surprising to him when he was presently brought in off the streets and given a responsible desk job in one of the new messenger-service firms. "I felt the way an apple seller would if he'd suddenly been called on to run the United Fruit Company," Seiden says.

As much as any man in the youthful messenger business, perhaps, Seiden has kept pace with its growth. Anton J. Roper, the founder and president of Mercury, whom Seiden has worked for, in one capacity or another, almost continuously since the mid-thirties, recently said, "The only problem I've ever had



“Most likely to succeed”

“Girl most likely to succeed, it says in my class yearbook. And look at me now. Stuck with all these darn bills to mail out—in the old messy way, licking and sticking stamps and envelope flaps. Phooey! Tomorrow I make another pitch for a postage meter . . . and they better listen!”

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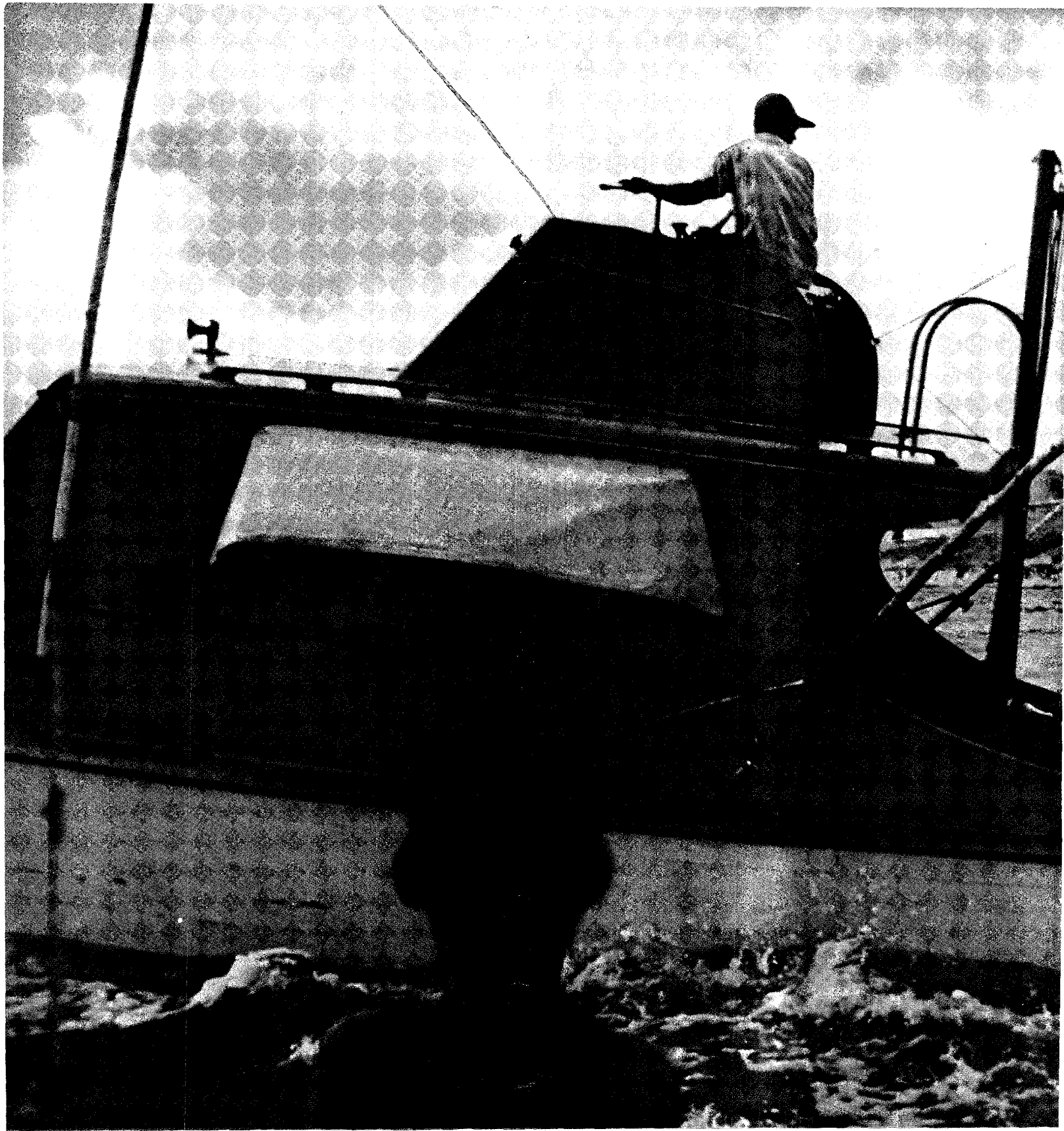
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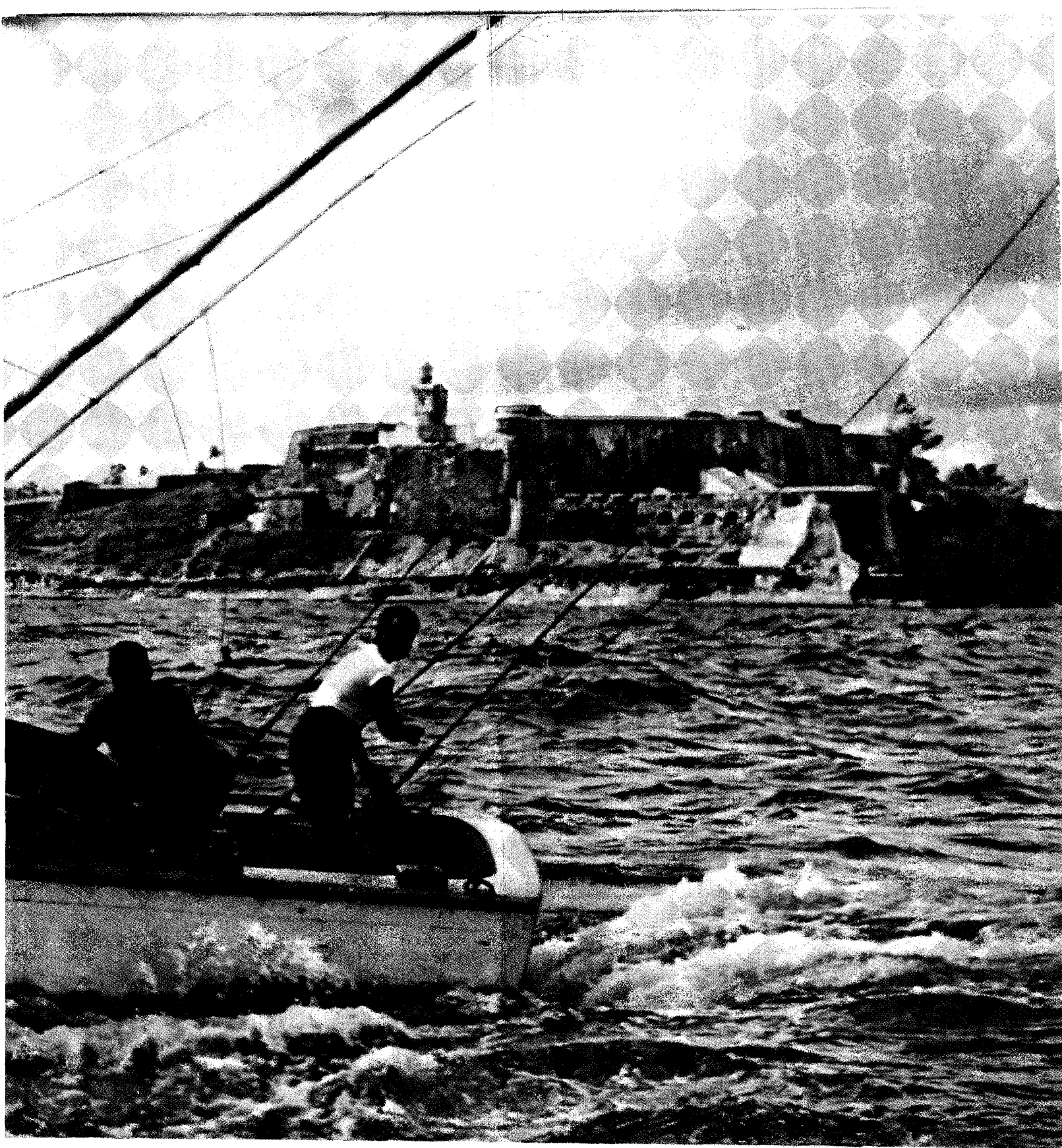
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32 World Records in Puerto Rico



A fishing cruiser off El Morro Castle, San Juan. Photograph by Elliott Erwitt.

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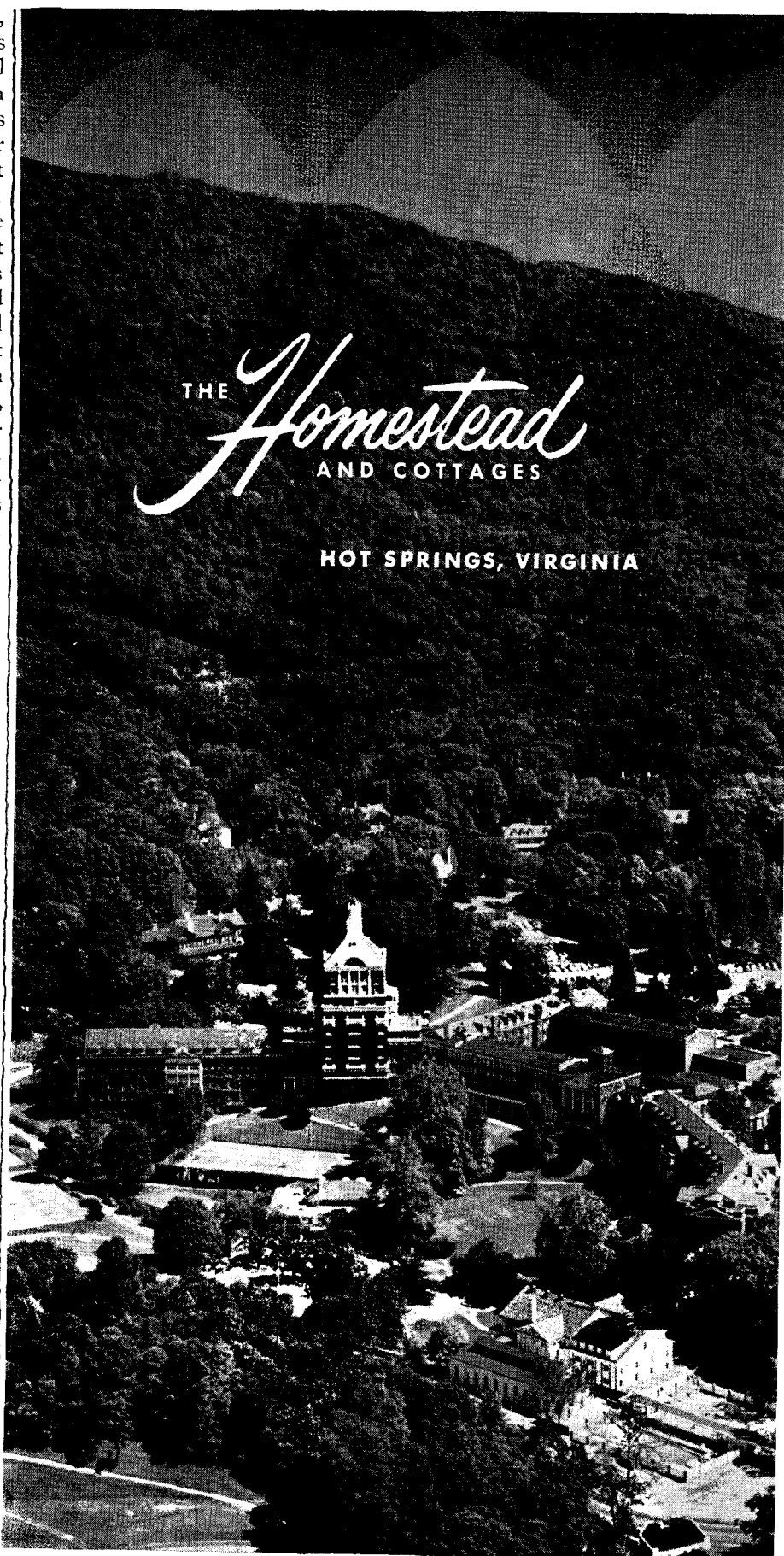
But it will take you only seconds to mix Gin or Vodka with Schweppes and enjoy the delicious results.

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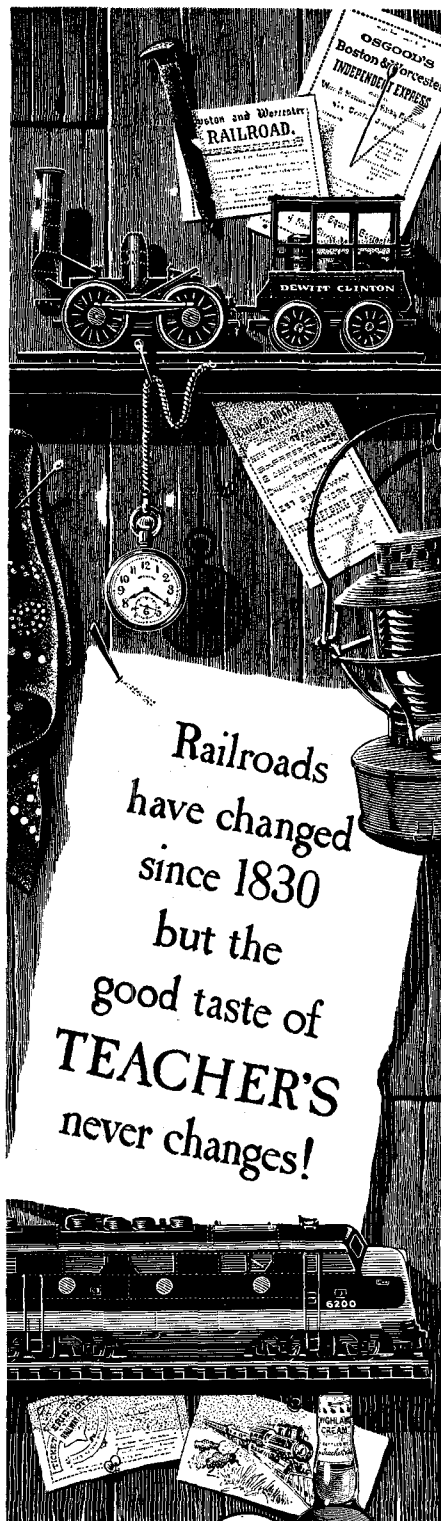


with Irv has been to slow him down, and I've had that one for twenty years now." Among the workers in his special field, Seiden is a famous man, known for both his driving energy and his promotional ingenuity. While Roper has plotted long-range policy and kept a supervisory eye on things, Seiden not only has been largely responsible for Mercury's day-to-day operations but has played an important part in its growth. In 1940, when Seiden joined the company, it occupied two small rooms at 562 Fifth Avenue; its present headquarters take up the entire tenth floor, or thirty-five hundred square feet, of 461 Fourth Avenue, near Thirty-first Street, and it has fifteen branch offices strategically located in such exceptionally busy sections of the city as the financial and garment districts and the advertising-agency strip of Madison Avenue.

When Seiden turns his attention to promotion, he gets most of his ideas by analyzing the requests that Mercury receives for messengers, singling out the unusual ones, and weighing the merits of taking on more such errands on a regular basis. At three-thirty one afternoon in 1948, for example, a politician who was scheduled to speak at a banquet that evening dropped and broke a set of false teeth, and resourcefully called Mercury, explaining that he wanted a messenger to take the pieces to a dental technician, wait until the plate had been repaired, and return the finished product to him. The company responded at once, there were no hitches, and each syllable of the client's speech that night was enunciated with bell-like clarity. The significance of the episode was not lost on Seiden, and shortly thereafter he inaugurated Mercury's Dental Delivery Service, which specializes in carrying the impressions that dentists take of patients' mouths to dental laboratories, where inlays or bridges are made from them, and then carrying these back to the dentists' offices. One morning a couple of years ago, while Seiden was looking over his mail, he came upon a letter from a nun in Des Plaines, Illinois, who wrote that she had completed the manuscript of a book and wanted to have it make the rounds of publishers' offices in New York. No less resourceful than the politician, she wondered if Mercury would attend to this for her—deliver the manuscript to one publishing firm, pick it up if it was rejected there, take it to another, and so on, following a list of firms that she had prepared. Seiden wrote back that his company would



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be only too glad to attend to the matter for her, and presently he founded Mercury's Authors' Service Division, advertising it in the *Writer's Digest* as ready to "remove any rejection slips and deliver [the manuscript] to the next publisher for \$1 per movement." The idea caught on nicely. "We may not have helped discover a John Steinbeck," Seiden told an acquaintance the other day, "but every now and then we do sell a book."

Other out-of-the-ordinary services that Mercury is frequently asked to perform, largely as a result of Seiden's tireless efforts to stress its flexibility, include walking dogs (perhaps the most common of the non-errand errands the company sends its messengers out on); going from store to store in search of an unusual gadget that a client may have heard about somewhere; standing in line for World Series tickets at the Yankee Stadium (overnight, if necessary) or for passports in the State Department's office, at 630 Fifth Avenue; and assisting salesmen by carrying their sample cases for them and, during sales talks, producing the right sample at the right moment. It is to schemes such as these that a substantial part of Mercury's prosperity can be attributed. To be sure, the firm is happy to number among its steady customers such giants as the Bankers Trust Company, General Electric, and the *New York Times*, some of which pay it annual fees that amount to as much as four hundred dollars a day for handling their usually rather prosaic business. Yet the key to its fortunes lies in its thousands of small accounts, many of them good for only an errand or two a month, at the minimum rate of seventy-five cents apiece, and the more versatile its service is, the more of these now-and-then clients it is likely to attract.

Seiden himself has no prejudice against the prosaic side of the messenger business; in fact, he courts additional plain errand-running accounts just as assiduously as he explores the possibilities for providing more imaginative kinds of service. Mercury has a staff of six salesmen, who go out after new business, and they naturally concentrate on trying to see office managers, heads of shipping departments, and other people

in positions of authority. But part of the time, at Seiden's insistence, the salesmen roam the corridors of office buildings more or less at random, currying favor among secretaries, receptionists, and switchboard operators much in the manner of prospectors seeking, with small gifts, to persuade tribesmen to lead them to some storied diamond deposit. Before starting out from headquarters, each salesman fills his pockets with an assortment of nail files, pocket combs, dialling pencils, and cellophane rain hoods, and as he strolls from office to office, he doles out this lagniappe to the girls, making it clear that there is plenty more where that came from for anybody who earns it by calling Mercury the next time she's asked to summon a messenger. "It's the boss who says 'Get a boy,' but often it's the girl who decides where to get the boy from," Seiden observes. "If you're in good with the sergeant, you won't have to worry about the general."

IT is not only Mercury's sales tactics, though, that has enabled the firm to achieve its present eminence. The times as well have been kind to it, Seiden points out. Shortly after Mercury was formed, for instance, Western

Union, under wartime pressure, had to give up its frilly sidelines, like birthday greetings sung by messenger boys, and focus all its energies on transmitting and delivering telegrams and cables. Firms like Mercury were delighted, for while they were shorthanded, they knew they could take care of at least some of the telegraph company's sideline trade. And what was even more important, a great many people in whose minds



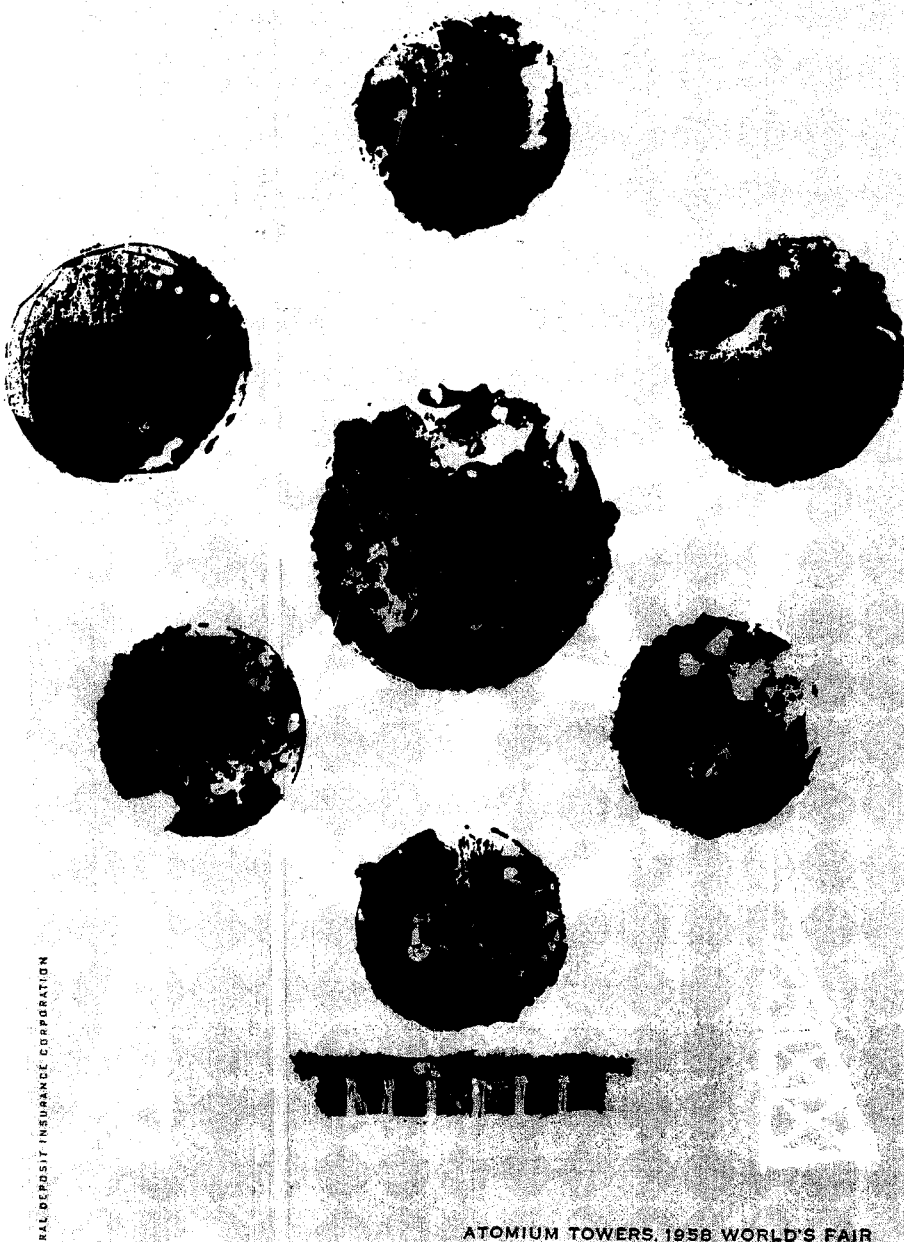
messengers and Western Union had long been almost inextricably linked were now made aware of the existence of companies devoted exclusively to the running of errands. After the war, the messenger-service business, finding itself established willy-nilly as an integral part of the city's commercial structure, entered a giddy period of expansion that has so far shown no signs of petering out. Indeed, over the last few years the more solidly entrenched messenger services have been sending out motorized units in support of their foot troops—a development in which Mer-

cury, whose slogan is "An Envelope to a Truckload," has been one of the pioneers. Here, too, it was the war that marked the turning point. Owing to the demands of the military and the lure of highly paid civilian jobs, messengers became so scarce that Mercury, obliged to cut the travelling time of the few it could corral, bought an aged and decrepit motorcycle, with a sidecar. This was used for carrying envelopes and packages in bulk between its various branch offices; each office, in effect, operated as a depot and had a skeleton staff of messengers who circulated only in the immediate area, instead of ranging all over the city and seeing their errands through from start to finish, as in peacetime. The new procedure, of course, meant slower deliveries, as packages accumulated in the depots, but it was better than nothing—so much better, in fact, that before the war was over Mercury had acquired seven more second-hand motorcycles. As these chugged around the city, the company and its clients, between them, got a new idea. During the thirties, there had been practically no limit to the weight of a bundle a boy might be expected to carry—Seiden himself recalls lugging fifty-pound packages around—but later twenty pounds came to be accepted as the maximum. Now, however, thanks to its motorcycles, Mercury was able to accept heavier parcels, and a number of customers responded so enthusiastically to the policy that soon the company's eight sidecars were groaning under the burden of the added freight. When the war ended, Mercury moved swiftly to lighten their loads by buying ten new jeeps to handle the heavier shipments. There was no looking back; the Mercury people had a motorized messenger division in operation before they knew it. "Crazy—an accident," Seiden says now. "But then, so is the whole business."

Today, Mercury's once informal motorized division has two businesslike subdivisions—Rush Trucking, with forty-five station wagons, motorcycles, and panel trucks doing heavy-parcel duty in the metropolitan area, and Mercury Air Freight, with fifty large trucks making deliveries and pickups at LaGuardia, Idlewild, and Newark Airport. This branching out into the vehicular field is primarily Roper's doing; while Seiden inevitably has a hand in the company's motorized affairs, he has yet to be persuaded that the wheel is as important a thing as the foot, and his principal concern is with messengers who continue to get around on the latter. In

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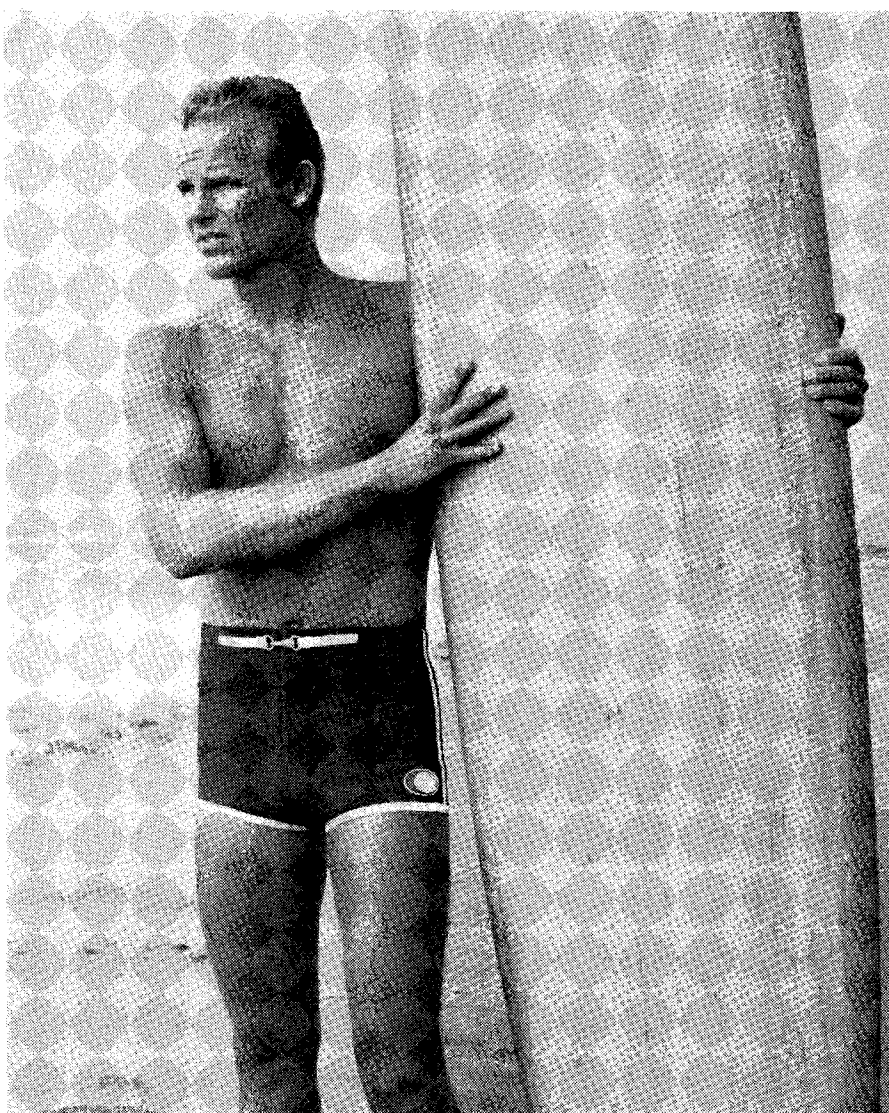
Mercury's insigne—a foot-wheel-and-wing device that fairly flashes speed—the foot is overshadowed by the wheel and the wing, but Seiden is philosophical about this seeming slight, consoling himself with the thought that foot-borne messengers are the source of nearly sixty per cent of the company's gross revenue. He also has the satisfaction of knowing that the old-style messengers enjoy far greater popularity than the motorized forces; the incoming-call lights on the switchboards at Mercury's headquarters—there are ten of them, and each operator handles an average of thirty-five calls an hour—flash a dozen times as often with requests for their services as they do with requests for trucks, motorcycles, or station wagons:

The switchboard operators are trained to spot and transfer to Seiden all calls for messenger service of the sort he delights in supervising personally—usually offbeat, one-shot jobs with some theatrical slant. "There's a streak of ham in Irv—no doubt about it," David G. Marshall, Mercury's sales manager, said the other day. "Just let a call come in to deliver some prop to a television studio for a program that's going on the air in a few hours, and he'll get busy on the phone telling everybody he knows, 'Watch Channel Whatever-It-Is tonight and you'll see Mercury in action.'" People tipped off in this fashion have to call rather heavily upon their imagination if they are to thrill to the drama of a Mercury delivery, for it is generally made backstage, and well before the program's opening commercial, but occasionally Mercury gets a call for some project that enables Seiden to satisfy his theatrical bent more directly. A few years ago, for example, an advertising agency that was planning to stage a fashion show aboard a Grace Line vessel moored off Canal Street asked Seiden to supply two messengers who would look good in pirate costume, their task being to call on dress buyers in this guise and hand them parchment invitations to the event. Springing into action, Seiden spent the better part of a day touring his branch offices, rounding up the company's swarthiest messengers, and, by a process of elimination, selecting the two with the most sinister expressions. Just a few months ago, another advertising firm asked Mercury to provide a couple of messengers who would show up in the offices of prospective clients as the cocktail hour drew near and offer them drinks. Again Seiden combed his staff,

searching now for his most genial-looking messengers. "You had to have a particular type for that role—the type a man would really enjoy bending an elbow with," says Seiden, showing a regard for realism worthy of Stanislawski.

Of all Seiden's feats of showmanship, the one that he enjoyed most—and still relives from time to time—happened on an evening a few years ago when he took charge of delivering a guest to the Beaux-Arts Ball, at the Waldorf-Astoria. Just as Seiden was about to leave the office for the day, a call was put through to him from the guest in question—a young man living on Sutton Place, who explained that he had planned to attend the ball masquerading as a needle in a haystack. But at the last moment a hitch had developed; his costume—a billowing bundle of hay from which his head emerged topped by a hat with a sharply pointed, silvery crown—was too bulky to be squeezed into a taxicab. Could Seiden be of any help? Seiden could. Assuming personal command of the operation, he ordered two members of Mercury's motorized branch to proceed at once to Sutton Place with a broad-beamed truck, and then hurried there himself to supervise their loading of the haystack and its tenant. "It was glamorous!" says Seiden, awed even now by the memory.

THE oldest of four children—three boys and a girl—Seiden was born on December 3, 1919, and ten years later he ran his first professional errand, for his father, a retail butcher in the Bronx. The elder Seiden hired him to make deliveries after school, and the boy worked out what he calls his "original rate schedule"—a nickel for the first three blocks and a penny for each block thereafter. "Just like a taximeter," Seiden says. "I never kept record of where I went, but at the end of each week, when it came time for my father to pay me, I found I could remember every stop I'd made and just how many blocks it was from the shop. What's more, I could add up those nickels and extra pennies without ever writing them down. It seemed as if I had a clerical kind of mind that was concerned mostly with the doings of my feet." Soon the boy was learning how to dress a chicken, saw the bone in a roast, and perform other tricks of the trade, and by the time he was thirteen his father had begun leaving him in charge of the butcher shop on Monday afternoons after school while



PHOTOGRAPH BY TOM KELLEY, SURFBOARD BY VELZY AND JACOBS.

Hap Jacobs tests the new Jantzen "Surfboarder" trunks in the surf off Malibu

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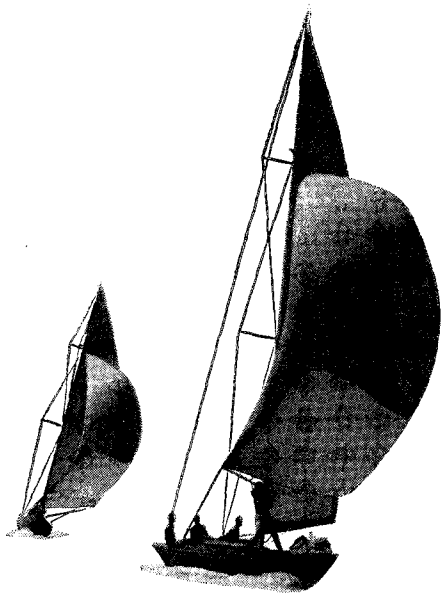
The trunks themselves are a good-looking solid red, navy, white or black, with a three-color trim. There's a built-in supporter and a pocket for car keys. Sizes 28 to 38, \$5.95, at better men's stores.

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he himself made the rounds of wholesale markets downtown. "He did his buying at the slaughterhouses located where the United Nations buildings now stand," says Seiden, always a precisionist when it comes to the layout and growth of the city. At about the same time, the father turned the bookkeeping chores of the business over to the youngster, who polished them off on Friday afternoons. All in all, Seiden's childhood was a hard-working one, in which his one diversion was collecting stamps. He had little interest in athletics. "Walking came closest to being a sport with me," he says. "Whenever I saw someone walking fast ahead of me, I'd walk even faster and pass him. That always made me feel good, even though the other guy didn't know he'd been in a race."

Entering De Witt Clinton High School at thirteen, Seiden took all the foreign-language courses he could, and eventually won a medal and a citation for proficiency in German and Latin, respectively. In time, he began to entertain hopes of becoming a philologist, but these had to be put aside early in the summer of 1935, when his father, who had been fighting a losing battle with the depression, was forced out of business, along with tens of thousands of other American butchers, by a great drought in the cattle states. Almost simultaneously, the father had to give up work of any kind because of high blood pressure, and it was up to the oldest Seiden boy, who was sixteen at the time, to look around for some way to support the family. That summer, he got a job peddling ice cream from a shoulder-strap box outside Yankee Stadium and in nearby McComb's Dam Park. Some evenings, going home with his day's earnings of six or seven dollars, he would be at once buoyed up and cast down by the thought that, apart from welfare checks, he was carrying the entire family fortune in his pants pocket. The following year, he finished high school, and then, in response to a newspaper advertisement, applied for and landed a job as a messenger for the Errand Service Corporation, at 12 East Forty-sixth Street, which at the time was the largest messenger-service company in New York. "It was a natural choice for me to make," he says. "I

had to earn a living, and I knew how to walk."

ERRAND SERVICE paid its messengers on a somewhat meagre commission basis, and Seiden, swift-footed though he was, could average no better than eight dollars a week—pretty lean pickings for one who had earned almost that much a day whenever the Yankees played at home. Early in 1937, he managed to supplement his income by getting a part-time job as a pick-and-shovel man, at twenty dollars a month, with the National Youth Administration, one of the government agencies that were set up under the New Deal to fight the depression. After he had toiled a couple of months as a member of a labor gang assigned to Van Cortlandt Park, the N.Y.A. transferred him indoors and made him a part-time file clerk. There was no increase in salary, but the move pleased his parents, who saw in it the makings of a career not only immune to the vagaries of rainfall on the Western plains but several notches above that of a messenger. Seiden felt otherwise. His heart was not with the N.Y.A. but with Errand Service. "Being a messenger was a way of discovering an entirely new and exciting world," he says. "I'd been just another Bronx kid waiting—without really knowing it—for new doors to open for me. And then, when I became a messenger, they quite literally did open for me—lots of them. I'd check in at Errand Service, and the first thing I knew I'd be on my way to, say, some executive's office behind the scenes in a fancy department store, to deliver a batch of sketches, which in less than twenty-four hours would show up in big ads in the papers. The next time out, I might be rushing over to a broadcasting station with copies of a soap-opera script, and I'd get a real kick out of finding the



cast waiting for me on pins and needles. In those days, radio actors seldom bothered with rehearsing, and sometimes they would be reading their parts on the air within a matter of minutes after I showed up. I was a welcome caller at political clubhouses, art studios, scientific laboratories—everywhere. I began to get over my disappointment at having to give up philology."

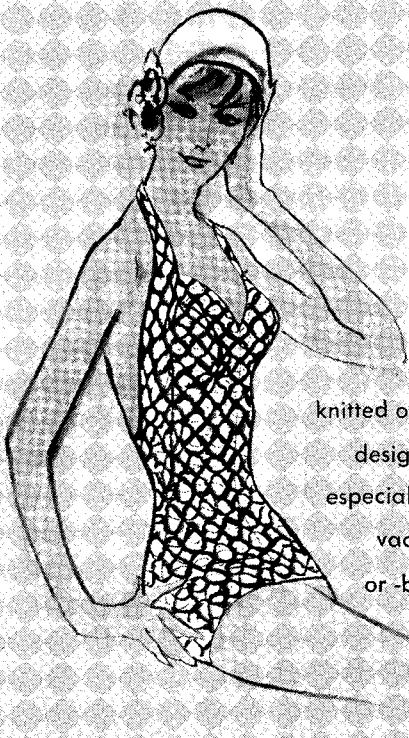
Working as chief dispatcher at Er-

rand Service was Anton Roper, and right from the start Seiden's brisk and springy gait caught his eye. In the spring of 1937, having become convinced that walking was not the young messenger's only talent, Roper offered him a position as a branch-office dispatcher, at a fixed salary of ten dollars a week. The hours conflicted with those of Seiden's job as a file clerk; he had to choose one occupation or the other and, to his parents' dismay, he unhesitatingly decided to stay with Errand Service. Zealously applying himself to his new job, he scraped together enough money to buy a portable typewriter, and soon, using only his right index finger, was batting out an average of fifty-seven words a minute on it—not bad even for a touch typist. Fortified by this skill, he went on to become an author, typing on his own time, and submitting to his employers, monographs with such titles as "An Analysis of Employment Records of Errand Service Messengers," "A Dispatcher's Manual," and "A Guide to Radio City Buildings: Official and Freight Addresses."

The team of Roper and Seiden was summarily broken up in the summer of 1939, when Errand Service decided to economize by firing Roper, who was making forty-five dollars a week, and replacing him with Seiden, at seventeen dollars less. A year later, Seiden had worked his way up to Roper's former salary, so he, too, was fired. By then, Roper had founded a rival firm—Mercury Messenger Corporation, which in 1952 became the present Mercury Service Systems—and he proposed that his former assistant join him in his tiny Fifth Avenue office, as a salesman. Seiden took the job, and went back to walking the streets, no longer in the carefree spirit of a messenger but with grim determination, doing his best to gain entrée to the offices of skeptical executives and to sell them on the superiority of Roper's fledgling concern—a task at which he proved to be adequate rather than brilliant. "Irv was never really at ease when he was face to face with a prospect and trying to talk him into signing up," Roper says. "He'd take each turndown personally. Most days ended with me doing what I could to cheer him up."

Fortunately for all concerned, Roper soon dug up a backer, who, in return for stock in the company, put up enough capital to convert Mercury from a shoe-string enterprise into a still small but healthy and rapidly growing business. Roper thereupon relieved Seiden of his salesman's job and made him chief dis-

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patcher. In 1942, Mercury was able to buy out Errand Service, and neither Roper nor Seiden shed any tears over the demise of their tightfisted alma mater. After this country entered the war, Seiden, who was rejected for military service because of poor vision, exhibited such energy and resourcefulness, plugging away on what amounted to a round-the-clock schedule in an effort to keep Mercury moving in the face of crippling shortages, that a few months after V-J Day Roper and the backer voted him a block of shares and named him vice-president and assistant general manager of the firm.

DURING much of the time that Seiden was working his way up in Mercury, he continued to enjoy vicariously the pleasures he had discovered at first hand while roaming about the city as a messenger. This was not mere daydreaming but an exhaustive study of New York's history as recorded in its landmarks, past and present, and in the names of its streets. "Whatever free time I had I spent in the public library, going over old maps and comparing them with more recent ones, and then digging into books that explained how and when the changes I spotted had come about," Seiden told a caller in his office the other day. "For instance, I learned that Franklin Street was once called Sugar Loaf Street, and that the present name was adopted in 1816, because the authorities felt it was high time New York paid some tribute to old Benjamin. And I found out that the *Newsweek* building, at 152 West Forty-second Street, was once the Knickerbocker Hotel, a favorite hang-out of Diamond Jim Brady and Enrico Caruso. The place had a barbershop with a balcony, where a small orchestra was installed to help the customers relax while they were being shaved—the Muzak of the time, you might call it. Nowadays, I hardly ever pass that office building without thinking back to the days of the Knickerbocker. I can't really say that a lot of what I learned during those evenings in the library helped me directly in my job, but I certainly don't regret a minute of it. Manhattan has a way of getting into the blood of anyone who's crazy about the messenger business—or at least it got into mine." As if he had been suddenly overwhelmed by oppression at being cut off from the city's broad thoroughfares and narrow byways, Seiden paused and looked around his cluttered office. A small room with two windows, it is set apart from an adjacent bull pen, where



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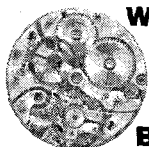
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the firm's two dozen clerical employees have their desks, by opaque-glass partitions that stop far short of the ceiling. With a shrug—possibly an involuntary response to the sight of the comfortable disorder around him—he continued, "Even now, when I'm pretty well desk-bound—I usually have a sandwich sent in for lunch—someone will mention a certain part of town, and a picture of the entrance to a particular building there will drift into my mind. And then I'll remember that there used to be a cutlery shop right across the street from the building—is it still there, I'll wonder—and a subway entrance alongside, where you could catch an A train on the Independent line. And that brings to mind a hot summer afternoon—oh, it was *really* hot—when I had something to deliver way the hell and gone uptown. I was near the cutlery shop, so I got on the A train and rode clear to Overlook Terrace—two hundred feet underground and the coolest station in town. What a relief!"

Leaning back in his chair, Seiden stared absently at the glass partition opposite him. Then, almost with a start, he roused himself again, and said, "Take the Broadways. They're something any experienced messenger or dispatcher prides himself on knowing—not only the Broadways but their variations. There's a Broadway in every borough, and Manhattan has no fewer than five besides the big one. There's Broadway Alley, running from Twenty-sixth Street to Twenty-seventh, between Lexington and Third; East Broadway, running from Chinatown to Grand Street; West Broadway, from Barclay Street all the way up to Washington Square; Broadway Terrace, up on Washington Heights; and Old Broadway, running north six blocks from a Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street along the western edge of Harlem, and, as it happens, the newest of Manhattan's Broadways. And then there are all those other streets with names so nearly alike that people who don't live or work near them never seem to get them straight. Well, anyone who has put in enough time as a messenger or dispatcher can tell those apart as easily as any other New Yorker can tell the difference between Fifth Avenue and Times Square. Take Canal Place. You might think it's down around Canal Street, but it's nowhere near there. It's up in the Bronx—just a dead-end lane leading off a Hundred and Thirty-fifth Street, with only one building on it. Occupied by a paper-box company, last time I checked. All right, then we have



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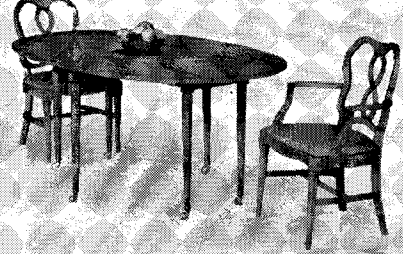
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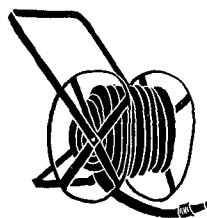
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MEMBER FEDERAL DEPOSIT INSURANCE CORPORATION

the Jones streets. There are four of them in Manhattan, and they're really confusing. Or at least they would be if they amounted to much, but, as it happens, all four together add up to less than six blocks. Let's start with Great Jones Street, which is accurately named, since it's the longest of them—two blocks. It's really a continuation of Third Street, extending from Broadway to the Bowery. Then there's Jones Alley, which runs west of Lafayette Street and parallel to it, starting just above Bleecker Street, cutting across Great Jones Street, and then petering out just south of West Fourth Street, having covered about a block and a half. Now, moving over to the Village along Bleecker or West Fourth Street, we come to the point where those two are linked by the single block of just plain Jones Street. And, finally, there's Jones Lane, also a single-block job, and one that few maps bother to include. It begins at Front Street, just south of Wall, and leads practically into the East River. Ah, those Lanes and Alleys! They're steeped in history. Maiden Lane, for instance, got its name because back in Peter Stuyvesant's time it ran alongside a stream where the women did their washing. Yes, and the Slips, like Pike and Gouverneur and Market and Peck—they're all favorites of mine, too."

AS Seiden rose to his present eminence, it took him some time to accustom himself to the increasingly retarded tempo of his life. "I had to get used to just sitting and thinking," he says. "There was less and less of the sense of immediate accomplishment that had made work like dispatching so satisfying. Instead of starting a piece of work and finishing it the same day, I had to adjust myself to waiting months sometimes to see an idea of mine materialize. For a while, I was afraid that I was slowing down." Seiden's fears proved baseless; indeed, practically everyone who knows him is convinced that he couldn't slow down if he wanted to. He regularly shows up in his office by nine o'clock, if not earlier, no matter how late he has been on the job the night before—and occasionally it is quite late, for Mercury messengers range the city on errands long after dark, and whenever one of them runs into difficulties, it is fairly certain that Seiden will be called upon to clear up the trouble. At about nine one recent Thursday evening, for example, a Mer-

cury messenger, arriving at the offices of a Manhattan paperback publisher with some proofs of a book that was going to press the next morning, found the place locked up and apparently deserted. Repeated knocking brought no response, so the messenger gave up and took the parcel home with him, planning to deliver it on his way to work the next day. At ten, the publisher, who was unaware that the front door was locked, and who had been waiting all evening in his private office, indignantly phoned Mercury, and reached the answering service that handles its calls at night; it was imperative, he said, that he go over those proofs before morning. The answering service called Seiden at his home in Rego Park, where he was just about to retire after a hard day, and he hurried back to Mercury's headquarters. By consulting the records, he found out which messenger had been assigned to deliver the proofs and where he lived—



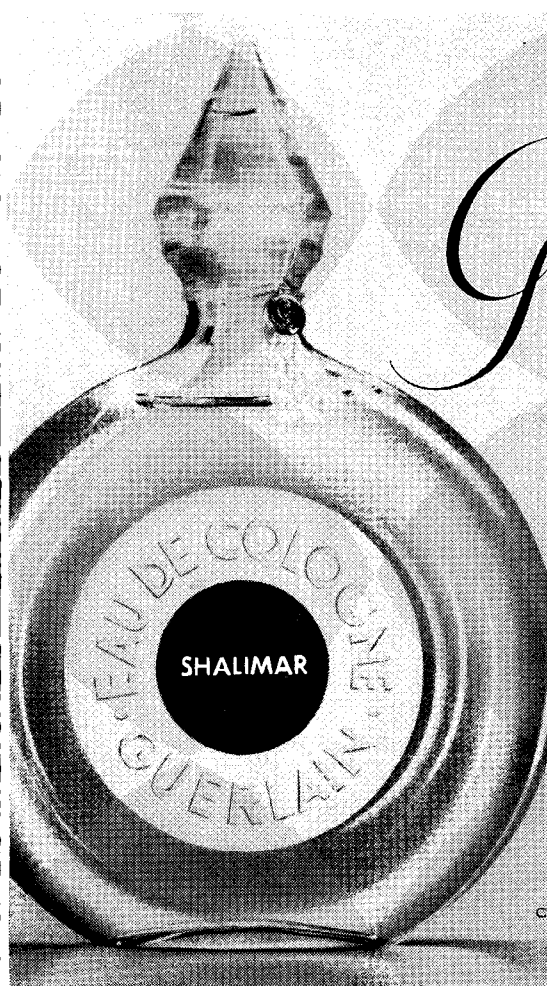
in a rooming house in the Red Hook section of Brooklyn, which, Seiden noted glumly, although without surprise, had no telephone. Setting out in a taxi for Red Hook, Seiden arrived at the rooming house a little after midnight. The messenger, on being roused, explained sleepily about the locked door, and handed him the parcel. From a phone booth in a nearby drugstore, Seiden called the publisher to say that he had retrieved the proofs and would bring them right over, if the publisher would kindly unlock the door. At one-fifteen, Seiden delivered the parcel, and at two-thirty, home again, he finally turned in for the night.

At eight-fifty Friday morning—six hours and twenty minutes later—Seiden was back at Mercury, with a visitor who wanted to see him at a typical morning's work. As he entered his office through a small anteroom, he nodded to Miss Nancy Hazard, his alert young Negro secretary. Then, almost before he had sat down at his desk, he called to her to come in and take some dictation; he had just remembered an idea, having to do with promoting Mercury's "An Envelope to a Truckload" slogan, that had occurred to him as he was falling asleep in the early hours of the morning, and he wanted to get it down on paper before it slipped his mind. Once the idea was safely consigned to Miss Hazard's notebook, he settled down to reading the morning papers in his own peculiar fashion. While he is probably as interested in world

affairs as the next fellow, the pages he reads most carefully are those devoted to news of the activities in which his major clients—real or potential—are engaged. Turning first to a column concerned with developments in the field of advertising, he was fascinated to read that a large agency—a client of a rival messenger service—was about to move to a new office, in a building several blocks from the old one. The move in itself meant little; what gripped Seiden's attention was the fact that the agency's new quarters were next door to a Mercury branch office. He knew from past experience that the convenience of this arrangement would give his company a definite competitive advantage, and he happily seized a memo pad and scribbled a reminder to himself to have one of his salesmen stop by at the agency and break the glad news. Then Seiden read the details of a story that the afternoon papers of the day before had presented in sketchy outline; the market, after a brisk morning start, had turned unusually sluggish toward closing, which explained why calls for messengers at Mercury's downtown branch offices had dropped precipitately after lunch. "We people in the messenger business are the barometer of commerce," Seiden often says, and the portentous sound of the words is likely to set him thinking, vice-presidentially, about whither the business is drifting. Northward, he suspects, and there seems to be a trend toward the West Side, too; yes, perhaps the time is drawing near when he and Roper should consider relocating some of their branch offices.

On this particular morning, however, his high-level reverie was interrupted by the telephone. It was Mrs. Seiden—the former Susan Appleang, of Sioux City, Iowa. A Juilliard graduate and concert singer who makes an occasional public appearance, she had called to report that a friend of theirs—the business manager of the Imperial Gardens, a popular center for social gatherings in the Bronx—had booked her to perform at a dance the following evening. That meant another late night for Seiden, who always gallantly accompanies his wife to and from her evening engagements, but he was only too glad to be faced with it. "Just my kind of an evening," he told his visitor, when he had hung up. "Sitting around and chewing the fat, and then topping it off by listening to Sue do some good singing."

Getting back to business, Seiden reached into a desk drawer for a copy



the
Colognes
of
Guerlain

*So delightful
to use
So flattering
to give*



MAISON FONDÉE
EN 1828

**SHALIMAR
L'HEURE BLEUE
MITSOUKO
VOL DE NUIT**

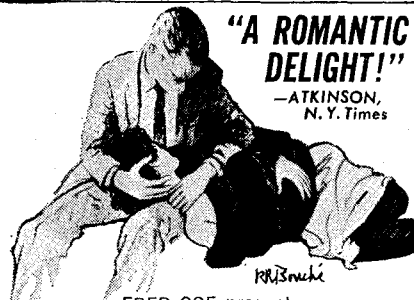
COLOGNES BY GUERLAIN
\$5.00 & \$6.50 plus tax



**SCOTLAND'S
BEST** DISTILLERIES
PRODUCE THIS QUALITY
SCOTCH WHISKY
CUTTY SARK
BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
86 PROOF

IMPORTED BY THE BUCKINGHAM CORPORATION, ROCKEFELLER CENTER, NEW YORK

"A ROMANTIC DELIGHT!"
—ATKINSON,
N. Y. Times



FRED COE presents
**DANA ANDREWS
ANNE BANCROFT**
in
Two for the Seesaw
A New Play by WILLIAM GIBSON
Directed by ARTHUR PENN

Eves. 8:30—\$6.90, 5.75, 4.80, 3.60, 3.00. Mats.
Wed., Sat. 2:30; \$4.80, 4.30, 3.60, 3, 2.50. List
3 alt. dates. Enclose self-addressed stamped env.
BOOTH Theatre, 222 West 45 St. N. Y. 36
AIR-CONDITIONED

**LOOK
HOMeward,
ANGEL**

PULITZER PRIZE 1958
and
**DRAMA CRITICS
CIRCLE AWARD**

Eves. 8:40. Mats. Wed.
& Sat. 2:40—Air-Cond.
BARRYMORE Theatre,
243 W. 47th St. N. Y.

BROADWAY'S TOP PRIZE HITS!

**THE
MUSIC
MAN**

**DRAMA CRITICS
CIRCLE AWARD
BEST MUSICAL 1958**

Eves. 8:30. Mats. Wed. &
Sat. 2:30. Air-Cond.
MAJESTIC Theatre,
245 W. 44th St., N. Y.

MOTION PICTURES



THE MAN IS
HOLDEN
THE WOMAN IS
LOREN
AND THE PICTURE IS
"The Key"

ON THE EAST SIDE
FINE ARTS
58th Street, bet. Park & Lex.

ON BROADWAY
ODEON
Broadway at 47th Street

2nd Fabulous Year
Michael Todd's
**Around the World
in 80 days** in
Todd-AO

Summer Festival Policy
2 Shows Daily, 2:30 & 8:30

RIVOLI
8' way at 49 • CI 7-1633

of a speech he was to deliver that day at a luncheon meeting of the Associated Printing Salesmen at the Masonic Club, over on West Twenty-third Street. He reread it for at least the twentieth time, and was clearly pleased with it. Back in the days of his infancy as an executive, he attended a ten-week lecture course called Effective Letter Writing, given at Town Hall by a man named Mil-lard Bennett, and what he learned there evidently left a lasting imprint on his literary style. "Those lectures freed me from my antiquated way of writing," he says. "They taught me to try to write as if I were speaking. And that's a help not only with speeches but with my promotional letters. Take the matter of 'Dear Sir.' Is that the way we greet each other on the street? No, we say 'Hello' or 'Hi' or 'Good morning,' and that's the way I start my letters."

Seiden glanced at his watch, and decided he had time enough before his speaking engagement to tackle a writing project then and there—a form letter of apology to clients who complain of tardy deliveries. When the mood of creation is upon him, he may dispense with Miss Hazard and her notebook, and now he put a piece of paper into his typewriter and, for the next half hour, whacked away furiously at the machine with one finger. Reading over the result, he was as patently charmed by it as he had been by his speech. This time, Seiden had carried his revolutionary policy in the matter of salutations to such an extreme that the letter bore no salutation at all, and he found further reason to congratulate himself on his handiwork in that, far from betraying any trace of cringing self-abasement, he had contrived to turn his apology into a plug for additional business. Starting right off with "A report of faulty service has reached my desk and I'm going to face it with chin up," the letter continued, "We are engaged in a service that permits very few alibis. . . All of us at Mercury have to live, work, and sweat by the clock. . . But I do know that the orchids we have been receiving for fast service far outnumber the brickbats. . . So won't you please give Mercury one more chance—and watch the feathers fly."

Summoning Miss Hazard, Seiden handed her the letter, with instructions to make a neat copy of it for multigraphing, and then rose from his chair and stretched and yawned. At that moment, Marshall, the sales manager, entered the anteroom and asked Miss Hazard if the boss was free. A stocky and affable man, Marshall frequently

Coming!
**JESSICA and HUME
TANDY CRONYN**



**THE
MAN
IN
THE
DOG
SUIT**

Opens Oct. 30
Coronet Theatre

**"ONE OF THE BEST MUSICALS
OF THE CENTURY!"** —ATKINSON, Times

**EDWARD SALLY ANN
MULHARE-HOWES**
IN AMERICA'S GREATEST MUSICAL

My FAIR LADY
with
**RONALD RAO
REGINALD DENNY**

Air-Cond. MARK HELLINGER, 51 St. W. of B'y
Eves. at 8:30. Mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2:30

"WONDERFULLY FUNNY!"
—Kerr, Herald-Tribune

**DAVID VIVIAN
WAYNE BLAINE DESMOND**
in
say, darling

"A MUSICAL FROLIC!" —McClain, Journal-Am

Eves.: \$7.50, 6.90, 4.80, 4.05, 3.45, 2.90.
Mats. Wed. & Sat.: \$4.80, 4.05, 3.45, 2.90,
2.30. Please encl. a stamped, self-add. env.
ANTA THEA., 52 St. W. of B'y CI 6-6270

"A SWEETHEART OF A MUSICAL"
—Kerr, Herald-Tribune

JUDY HOLLIDAY
in
Bells are Ringing

AIR CONDITIONED
SHUBERT THEA., 225 W. 44 St. CI 6-5990

The Actors' Stage Company presents a
SEASON OF SHAW COMEDIES

Currently **MRS. WARREN'S PROFESSION**
Beg. July 16—CANDIDA

Evgs. incl. Sun. 8:40 exc. Sat. 7 & 10,
Sun. Mat. 3—\$3.50, \$3.00, \$2.00, exc.
Fri., Sat., Sun.—\$3.85, \$3.50, \$2.50.

GATE THEATRE 164 2nd Ave. (10 St.) OR 4-8796

**"How Far West
can the East Side get?"
the Left Bank**

309 West 50th St., N. Y. C. — CI 7-3470
Entertainment at dinner & supper

stops in at the vice-president's office, for a variety of reasons—an important one being that he admires Seiden's remarkable memory and has found it helpful in mapping out sales strategy. "There are facts about this business stashed away inside that head of Irv's that you'll never find in our files," he once told a new member of the sales force. "He even remembers telephone numbers that haven't existed for ten years." This morning, however, as Marshall settled himself in a low leather chair near Seiden's desk, he made it clear that he had come not for mnemonic guidance but simply to pass along some good news. The day before, the business manager of a large cosmetics concern had consented to see a Mercury salesman and, in the course of their conversation, had sharply criticized the performance of the messenger-service company that his firm was currently patronizing. The business manager had concluded the interview by inviting the Mercury man to call again soon.

Marshall, who had begun this narrative in an exultant mood, finished lamely, for his superior had remained noticeably unimpressed. Now Seiden asked, "What did you say was the name of this guy—this business manager?" Marshall repeated it, and Seiden shook his head slowly. "Look, Dave," he said. "Let's let somebody else run his errands for him. Back in 1941—in the fall of that year, as I recall it—he had the same job with another lipstick outfit, and he gave us so much trouble collecting that we had to pay our lawyers nearly every cent they finally squeezed out of him."

"Well," Marshall said glumly, "I suppose it's better to get the bad news now than find it out the hard way later on." He stood up to leave, remarking that he was on his way to keep an appointment with the vice-president of a cigarette-distributing agency.

"Insist on seeing him and no one else," Seiden said. "And when you do see him, give him my regards. We were at De Witt Clinton together twenty-four years ago. If he doesn't remember me, tell him I'm the guy he used to copy from during Latin exams."

AS Marshall left, the first drops of a gathering rainstorm whipped against the window. From Seiden's point of view, the storm couldn't have come at a worse time. Even in good weather, Mercury's peak rush hour is between eleven and twelve on Friday morning, because businessmen all over town are trying to clear their desks early and get away for a long week-

The secret on everybody's lips...From the Florida Keys to the Golden Gate, all agree: the prize catch in Vodka is Wolfschmidt. The secret's in the century-old, original genuine Riga Recipe—only Wolfschmidt has it!



WOLFSCHMIDT VODKA

GENERAL WINE & SPIRITS CO., NEW YORK 22, N. Y. MADE FROM GRAIN, 100 OR 80 PROOF. PRODUCT OF U. S. A.

DON'T COOK TONIGHT!



GO TROTTERING ROOSEVELT RACEWAY

DINE IN THE CLOUD CASINO
Diners' Club Member • Reservations: Pioneer 6-6000
APRIL 1 THRU JULY 31

Sardi's East
the new 123 East 54th St.
Res: PL 1-6655
Monday thru Friday:
luncheon, cocktails, dinner
Sunday:
cocktails, dinner

and **Sardi's**
234 West 44th St.
Monday thru Saturday:
luncheon, cocktails, dinner,
after theatre

SKYTOP CLUB

Secluded in the Poconos
Sports galore . . . or rest and relaxation; set your own pace on this beautiful 5500 acre estate. Reserve now for Summer when golf and fishing are at their height. Children's Day Camp. Marvelous food.

N. Y. Rep: MU 6-8648

SKYTOP CLUB
BOX 1
SKYTOP, PENNA.



Wm. W. Malleon, Jr., Gen. Mgr.

AIR-CONDITIONED

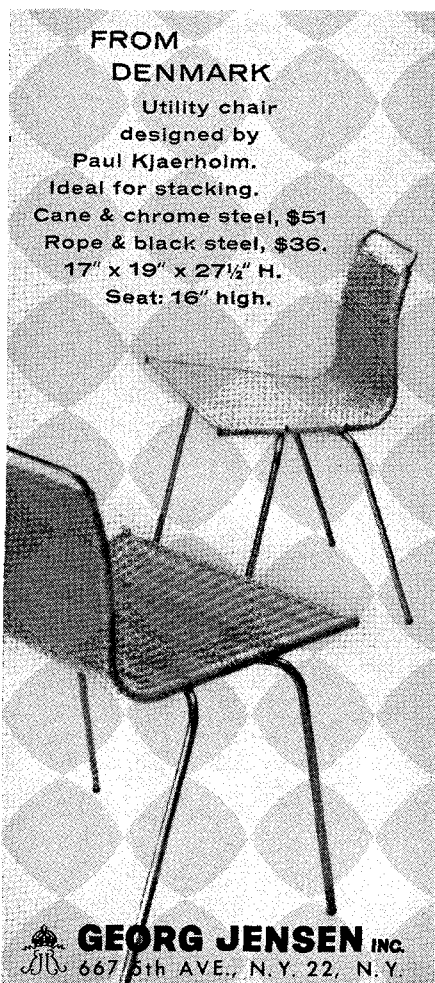
Drake Room

Preferred by the town's most interesting people for
LUNCHEON • COCKTAILS • DINNER
AFTER THEATRE SUPPER

with Addison Bailey's piano
divertissements of the day during cocktail
time, dinner
and supper.

HOTEL Drake
440 Park Avenue, at 56th Street
PLaza 5-0600
Bing & Bing, Inc. Mgt

FROM DENMARK
Utility chair
designed by
Paul Kjaerholm.
Ideal for stacking.
Cane & chrome steel, \$51
Rope & black steel, \$36.
17" x 19" x 27½" H.
Seat: 16" high.



GEORG JENSEN INC.
667 5th AVE., N.Y. 22, N.Y.

A POLYNESIAN PARADISE ON NEW YORK'S EAST SIDE
Authentic Island Foods and
Exotic Tropic Drinks
LUNCHEON • DINNER
Noon to Three P.M. Five to Ten P.M.
SUNDAY LUAU DINNER
By Reservation Only
SUPPER nightly from Ten, featuring
The **CATAMARAN BOYS**
and exotic **NALANI**
in The Tamaara Room.



You are
only 17
hours away
from Waikiki
Beach by
Pan-American,
world's most
experienced
airline.

Luau 400

400 EAST 57th Street, N. Y. C. • Eldorado 5-6555



A waterfront community in an
island haven — 2 hours from N. Y. C.
swim — sail — fish from your own yard
loveladies harbor
Send for Brochure A36
Loveladies Harbor • Harvey Cedars, N. J.

DILDARIAN DOES IT RIGHT
EXPERT CLEANING & REPAIR
OF YOUR FINEST RUGS
BU 8-4948
947 MADISON AVE., N.Y. 21, N.Y.

end. When it rains on a Friday morning, things grow even more congested, since people who usually run their own errands stay indoors and send for messengers to run them instead, and Mercury's telephone room turns into a scene of chaos. Then, too, rain slows up messenger service in a number of ways. Some of the boys get stuck aboard buses stalled in the traffic snarls that storms invariably create, others huddle in doorways, and still others simply call it quits for the day. "No doubt about it," Seiden told his guest, "there's no time like a rainy Friday morning for losing accounts."

With this last thought very much in mind, Seiden phoned his chief dispatcher, Al Schein, and instructed him to remind the heads of all the branch offices that during the storm messengers must be supplied with cellophane wrappers to protect envelopes and parcels from the rain. "All we need now is a rash of damage claims," Seiden added morosely. Just as he hung up, Miss Hazard came in to say that he would have to be leaving in a few minutes to keep his lunch date at the Masonic Club. Seiden asked her if his form letter was being multigraphed, and she replied that it was. "We'll be using it soon enough if this weather keeps up," he muttered, and walked to the window to see whether there was any sign of clearing skies. There wasn't. Looking down at Fourth Avenue, ten floors below, he winced at the sight of the traffic. "Just look at that," he said. "Nothing moving in either direction."

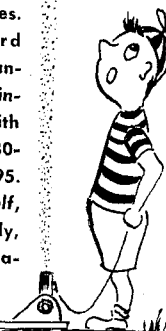
Returning to his desk, Seiden tucked the copy of his speech into his pocket and put on his hat and raincoat. In the corridor outside his office, he ran into Roper, who was also on his way to lunch. Both men have lately been giving much thought to the problem of how to counteract the summertime slump in business, which annually all but becalms messenger-service companies. Both are sure that there must be some new kind of service Mercury could offer at this season, but so far neither of them has been able to produce any very practical schemes. At the time of Seiden's rainy-Friday speech at the Masonic Club, the nearest he had come to an answer was ice cream—though how messengers could replace ordinary venders or delivery boys in distributing it he was not yet prepared to say. Now, as the two men stood waiting for the elevator, the president of Mercury Service Systems casually asked his vice-president and general manager, "Got any thoughts on ice cream?"

Seiden shook his head sheepishly, and

BALLISTIC MISSILE

ALPHA 1

This most unusual toy—a slim 8-inch plastic rocket with protective rubber nose—zooms almost 150 feet on harmless carbon dioxide gas thrust generated by citric acid-water-baking soda fuel mixture any youngster easily measures. Remote control cord launches rocket. Fuel cannot ignite, explode, or injure (even if eaten!). With launching manual and 30-flight fuel supply, \$4.95. (Your order for yourself, Dad, we will fill happily, too.) Get Summer Catalogue S-1.



F.A.O. SCHWARZ

World's Greatest Toy Store
745 Fifth Ave., at 58th St., New York
Telephone MUrray Hill 8-2200
Boston, Mass. • Ardmore, Pa.

AIR-CONDITIONED ROOMS



You'll enjoy the delightfully cool and attractive air-conditioned guest rooms and restaurants at this famous hotel.

The Savoy Hilton
NEW YORK 22, N. Y.

Cherio
RESTAURANT



LUNCHEON-DINNER TILL 11 P. M.
OPEN SUNDAYS 6 P. M.
46 E. 50TH ST. • MU 8-1190

KILTS TWEEDS
NOVELTIES from SCOTLAND
BARN
Margaret Hines
BLUE BROWN SHOP
FROM NORTHAMPTON

Also from Ireland
SUMMERS
R. 28 & Phinney's
Lane
CENTERVILLE
CAPE COD, MASS.
Spring 5-4788
WINTERS—
46 Green St.
NORTHAMPTON,
MASS.
Justice 4-3760

said, "No, not yet. But there must be some way of getting people to call us when they want the stuff."

"Yes, only how?" Roper asked. "That ice cream is going to melt unless we get some specific ideas."

"I still maintain that it's got to be ice cream," Seiden said. "When it's hot, people want something cold."

"Granted," Roper said patiently. "But why ice cream? Why not soft drinks, or ice cubes, or—"

"I'll tell you why," Seiden broke in, a smile spreading over his face. "Maybe it's just that I believe in ice cream. After all, I started with ice cream, and as I see it now, things have turned out all right."

—DANIEL LANG

PRESBYTERIANS FALL ASLE EP AT THE SWITCH

[From Presbyterian Life]

One of the advertisements accepted for publication in the June 1, 1958, issue of PRESBYTERIAN LIFE contained two lines of text which were out of harmony with PRESBYTERIAN LIFE'S consistent policy as to advertising.

It was the advertisement of a resort, and contained a list of the facilities offered. The last two lines of the list, printed in type not especially large, mentioned bars and cocktail lounges. Rule number one on PRESBYTERIAN LIFE'S advertising Rate Card reads, "Alcoholic beverages and tobacco advertising not accepted."

The eye of the advertising proofreader must have been weary, because the unacceptable matter was not detected and, unhappily, it was passed along to the printers in Dayton, Ohio.

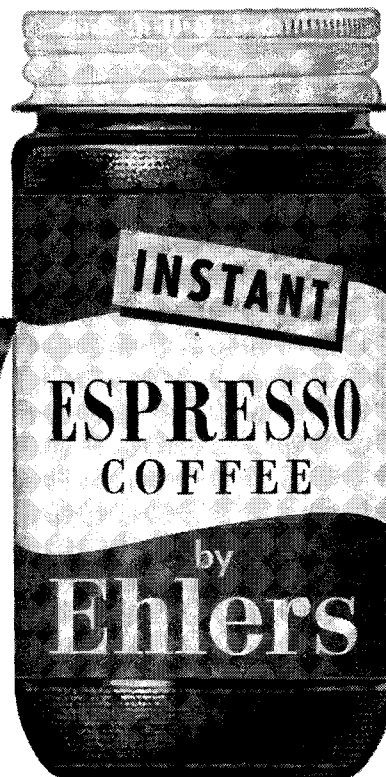
One of the printers picked up approximately the 182,000th copy to come off his press—presumably to check on the mechanical quality of his work. He was startled to note in the advertisement words which everybody in the PRESBYTERIAN LIFE family, printers included, knows will not do. At this critical point, \$5,700 worth of magazines had been printed, and telephones began to ring, first in Philadelphia, and then in Dayton. The presses were stopped; new page plates were inserted; and the presses set to going again to print the remaining 850,000 copies.

What to do with the 182,000 copies already printed? They could be discarded, at great expense. On the other hand, the next issue of PRESBYTERIAN LIFE could contain a forthright statement of advertising policy and an equally forthright apology. We do so apologize for this error of omission as to diligence, and we trust that all readers—for these lines are printed in all 1,033,000 copies—will agree that it is wise and good both to confess the error and to save the \$5,700.

The above decision has served to save the needless expenditure; and perhaps more important, to give all of us the wholesome, but hardly exhilarating, experience of having been guilty of napping and having to say so.

instant and versatile!

authentic
dark roast
espresso



Now vigorous, full-flavored, authentic Espresso in an instant!

- **PERFECT AFTER DINNER DEMI-TASSE . . .** truly delicious.
- **ICED IT'S GREAT TOO . . .** the rich, full flavor won't dilute away.

Ehlers Coffee, Brooklyn 37, New York

PIERRE

The Ultimate in Acapulco,
Mexico!

Affiliated with Hotel Pierre,
New York

SEE YOUR TRAVEL AGENT
or International Representative
Robert F. Warner, Inc.
New York • Chicago • Wash. D. C.
Boston • Miami • Toronto • London

HOTEL

MARQUES

This Week's Specialty

**LOBSTER
and CHICKEN
GUMBO**

Born on the Mississippi delta, gumbo has become a favorite on both sides of the Mason-Dixon line: i.e. wherever Okra, Crawfish and plump chickens grow. **1.95**

Every day: RUMAKI, TERIYAKI and our supper—the DO-IT-YOURSELF platter keeps 'em coming back for more. **Platter for 2 . . . \$2.50**

Unusual fountain service. No liquor served

Lunch from 11, Dinner 5-10, Supper till 1 A.M.
Sunday Brunch 11-4 **Sidewalk cafe.**

COOKERY

8th St. and University Place *Lafayette*
OREgon 4-4450

DANCE TO THE MUSIC OF 2 TOP ARTISTS!

Lenny Herman
The Mightiest Little
Band in the Land

Bill Snyder
and His Trio

at the famous **GRILL**
Hotel **ROOSEVELT**

DINNER and
SUPPER DANCING
No Minimum
at any time
Madison Ave.
at 45th Street

STEREOPHONIC

Carlos Montoya in highest fidelity stereo!

at Music Stores,
Macy's,
Department Stores

Rondo has everything

THE AIR

A Happy Sullivan Day

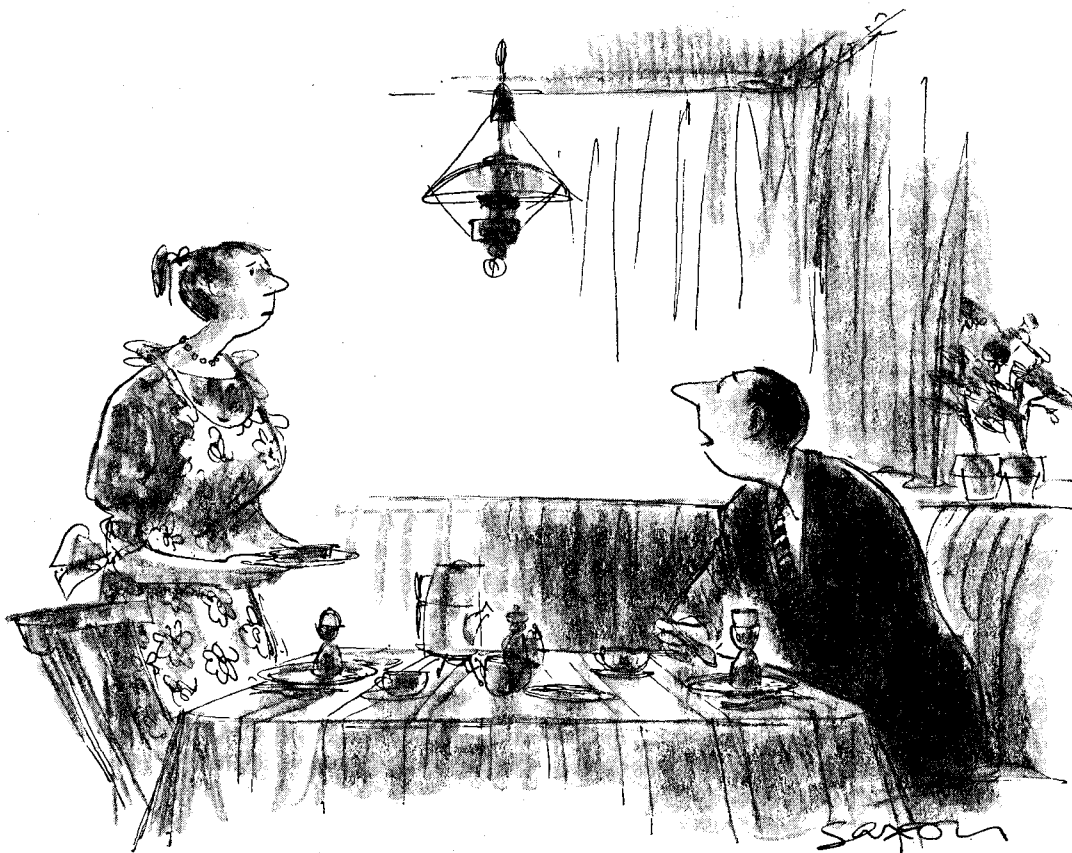


SUNDAY, June 22nd, was the tenth anniversary of "The Ed Sullivan Show" (originally "Toast of the Town"), by proclamation of the Columbia Broadcasting System. It was also Ed Sullivan Day in twelve states, by proclamation of twelve governors. A quick count indicates that thirty-six states, as well as several territories and networks, remained out of step. In some of these, June 22nd was just Sunday. In others, it was, as usual, Reentry Into the Union Day, or Bull Moose Day, or Organic Act Day (Virgin Islands). In New Hampshire, it was merely the day after New Hampshire Day; in Massachusetts, it was five days after Bunker Hill Day; in Montana, it was three days before Little Bighorn Day; and in New York, it was three days before Harry K. Thaw Day. On the National, American, and DuMont networks, it was, at best, Steve Allen Day, Maverick Day, and Uncommon Valor (a rerun) Day, respectively. On the whole, this represents a pretty disorganized show-

ing, but there's reason to think that by the time the next decennial arrives, Ed Sullivan Day will be recognized nationally and internationally, and even the dissident networks will feel an obligation to run the Sullivan show and nothing else between the hours of 8 and 9 P.M. on the appropriate Sunday. The thought is based on Mr. Sullivan's past form as an influence. In his first ten years in television, for instance, he was able to bring the world of show business so sharply into line that his anniversary hour the other day—devoted to a review, in kinescope, of the "personalities" who have appeared on the program—literally teemed with famous people (some of whom have since passed to their rewards, with a sense of duty fulfilled). A "host of stars" was what C.B.S. called the collection. By my reckoning, there were fifty-five personalities, not counting water skiers and ventriloquists' dummies.

Mr. Sullivan himself is a full-sized personality by now, as the *News*, the paper in which he mounted to glory, pointed out in a sort of memorial issue on Ed Sullivan Day. The *News* added

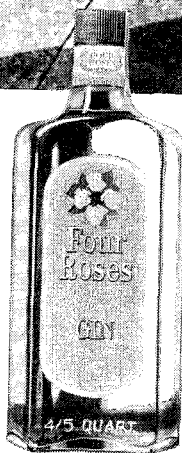
several lines of almost pure poetry on the subject, including the following: "His 20-year contract with C.B.S.-TV gives Sullivan \$50,000 a week to put together the Sunday night 'Ed Sullivan Show.' By the terms of the contract, his weekly cut is over \$8,000 for a period of seven years, after which he will get \$100,000 a year for not working for another network. (Half of the seven-year salary is held back by C.B.S.-TV, to be paid to him during the 13-year period. His present take-home pay after taxes is \$37,500 a year.)" A point the paper failed to make is that Mr. Sullivan has become, through television, not only an outstanding showman and a seven-year withholder but also, and perhaps most notably, a graduate student of the races of mankind. C.B.S. emphasized this fact in its own holiday proclamation. Mr. Sullivan, the network said, travels more than two hundred thousand miles a year nowadays in the interest of his program; like John Foster Dulles or a Harlem Globetrotter, he is here today and gone tomorrow. A week before the anniversary, he was in Brussels, putting the Fair on the screen. From there, he sped home to observe Ed Sullivan Day and to fire an American musical conductor from his next project—the Moiseyev dancers, June 29th—for invoking Constitutional amendments at a Congressional hearing. He replaced the American conductor with a Russian conductor, who, presumably, could take the Constitution or leave it alone. The Brussels show and the Moiseyev show, like Ed Sullivan Day in between them, were marked by a guidebook flavor and by a strong awareness of national characteristics and national distinctions. All three events were carried off without regard to race, creed, or color—in keeping with a policy that has long been familiar to admirers of Mr. Sullivan's newspaper column, and that might be stated, in part, as follows: "... regardless of race, so long as the audience is told which race it's regardless of." To veteran Sullivan readers, the chief virtue of "The Ed Sullivan Show" is that it has given a natural-born ethnologist the time and money to study firsthand, in their native habitats, the races he has written about for so many years, and even to bring back certain speci-



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mens alive. Mr. Sullivan was the first American to televise a Piaf, a Patachou, and a Señor Wences. As a scout and importer of foreign talent, he is the peer of Barnum, of the Ringlings, and of Walter (Good-Time Charlie) Friedman, the famous collector of exotic boxers, who trapped Primo Carnera and shipped him to the American market.

Mr. Sullivan's mind, as his readers and listeners know, is a storehouse of exact genealogies and clear-cut racial nuances. It's said that Good-Time Charlie Friedman once went scouting in China for a "white hope" to whip Jack Johnson, a Negro heavyweight champion. Mr. Sullivan's thinking has always been free of that kind of confusion. The mere mention of the word "race" will stimulate him to single out the essential fact of any matter. I remember that a race for horses, the Kentucky Derby, led him to write, a few years ago: "Americans of Italian blood [are] getting a great wallop out of Nashua, Kentucky Derby favorite, as his granddaddy was the Italian horse, Nearco, sire of Nasrullah. The Derby will be an all-paisan affair, with Arcaro aboard Nashua." You'll probably recall that Americans of Italian blood expressed the wallop they got from this state of affairs in scenes of wild excitement from coast to coast as soon as they had it straight in their minds whether it was Arcaro who was Nashua's granddaddy, with Nearco aboard, or vice versa. There were supplementary orgies among the Iroquois and the Creeks, in honor of Nasrullah, before a government directive could be issued to explain that Nasrullah was the wrong type of Indian and to urge the revellers to disband.

The Sullivan show's visit to Brussels, June 15th, was a high point in Mr. Sullivan's new career as a field racist. Belgium itself, of course, as a hotbed of ethnic stocks (Flemings, Walloons, Belgae), can provide material for a number of *News* columns. At the Fair, Mr. Sullivan and his staff ran riot as they photographed—with excellent results, in the main, I should add—the symptomatic products of Russia and the Philippines and the tribal diversions of the French (a race compounded of Frankish, Gallic, Aquitanian, and Breton strains, among others) and the British (Picts, Celts, Jutes, Angles, Saxons, Normans, etc.). The program that day included a graveyard sequence—a tribute, couched in muted music, dramatic rhetoric, and artistic camera rhythms, to American soldiers

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who have died in Belgium. This passage had no visible connection whatever with the Fair. It can probably be accounted for by Mr. Sullivan's scientific emotion at finding himself in a hive of nationalities, and by his grateful thought that America is a melting pot in which races have not yet melted as thoroughly as they have elsewhere. Our graves, the announcer said (as so many writers of screenplays and poems had said before him), contain Caseys, Cohens, Garcias, Joneses, Lombardis, and Swansons alike.

As previously noted, Mr. Sullivan came home from his researches to find that he'd been betrayed, as he considered it, by an American who wouldn't answer certain questions in Congress. The firing of the conductor, Arthur Lief, required more skill and purpose, perhaps, than the average impresario can manage. Mr. Lief's agent made things difficult by revealing that Mr. Lief had not been scheduled to appear on the Sullivan show to begin with. Mr. Sullivan dismissed this argument as a quibble, and fired Mr. Lief anyway. "I don't want him in the theatre," he said. His statesmanly gesture was made three days before Ed Sullivan Day. The holiday itself was bright and fair. It was cooler, especially after the sun went down, than June 22nd can be expected to be in future years. Still, the country has come to accept heat and discomfort as a natural part of some national holidays, like the Fourth of July. The traffic-death toll on Sullivan Day was about what the police had anticipated.

—JOHN LARDNER

SEAWELL—The first man who flew the Atlantic alone thirty-one years ago arrived here today as a passenger aboard Pan American World Airways Clipper flight 274 from Belem.

Charles A. Lindberg, born at Detroit, Michigan, flew the Atlantic alone in 1927.

After a night's rest at the Crane Hotel, he leaves tomorrow by PAA for St. Croix. Mr. Lindberg is a figure of "The St. Louis Blues" fame. —*Bridgetown (Barbados) Advocate*.

No, no, that's Harry Truman.

Michael George, who is at Harvard, will have among his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Rowland M. George of New York, Juniper (Jay) Alexander, Jane M. Clausen, Ellen G. Cluett, Lilla Luquer, Alexander Goriansky, Sidney C. Graves Jr., Henry B. Leonard, Theodore Chase Jr. and H. Barton Thomas. —*Boston Daily Globe*.

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HOW TO LICK THE UPS AND DOWNS

by
J. P. Van Winkle
President
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The boys in the Still House once sneaked out and switched the wheels on an old-fashioned rig tied up at a Kentucky distillery—little wheels to the back, big wheels to the front.

The rig belonged to a pair of gaugers who were wont to pull a bit heavily on their bottle before setting off toward home some 7 miles down country.

Standing up to peer over the dashboard, the puzzled driver remarked to his partner—"Zeke, we've been driving this road for ten years, and this is the first time I've realized it's uphill all the way!"

In such lopsided times as these the dashboard gets in the way of any businessman who insists on seeing where he's headed every step of the way.

But when the horse knows the road, why worry?

Looking to Washington to level off your ups and downs is putting the cart before the horse.

Better sit back, relax, and keep a close check-rein on the quality and saleability of your product or service. If it's what John Q. really wants you're home free, no matter how uphill the road.

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(Advertisement)

BREAKING THE TRADE BARRIER

THERE are a lot of senators, syndicated columnists, and other pretty important people who keep telling us these days that selfish trade barriers such as tariffs are getting in the way of international understanding. This may be true, but on the one occasion when I got involved in foreign trade—the time I ordered a yacht by mail—the only real barrier to international understanding was that half the time neither Mr. Okamoto nor I knew what the other was talking about. Even Mr. Okamoto, now that we are good friends, politely admits that this tended to make things "puly difficult."

Mr. Okamoto, to get the cast straight, is Yutaka Okamoto, the son in Okamoto & Son Boat Yard, of Yokohama. He is not to be confused with his father, Mr. M. Okamoto, who comes into this story only near the end, when he forgets the anchor and mooring rope. The younger Mr. Okamoto handles all American correspondence for the firm, because his English is better than Mr. M. Okamoto's. In fact, Mr. M. Okamoto doesn't know any English at all.

I first got into correspondence with Mr. Okamoto on October 30, 1956. I wrote him that I had just seen a twenty-five-foot sailboat he had built for a yachtsman in San Francisco, where I live, and that she was exactly what I had been saving up for. I liked her British lines, her French class-name of Fleur Bleue, and, best of all, her Japanese price—a million yen. For me, owning a yacht that cost a million was pretty heady stuff, and when I calculated that this translated into only twenty-five hundred American dollars, F.O.B. Yokohama, I knew I had an irresistible bargain in prospect.

Mr. Okamoto seemed fully as enthusiastic as I was. I had an answer to my first letter in just nine days. While speedy, the reply wasn't exactly gratifying. "I am very sorry," he wrote, "in Japan was metal material and shipping charge rise up from eary this year then price was higher. I thank you and hope your good order." This did little for my good order. It wasn't the obscurity of the letter that got me, though. It was the clarity of the estimate he enclosed: not \$2,500 but \$2,772. But also enclosed were the Fleur Bleue's blue-

prints, with the legend across the top, lettered in a draftsman's neat hand, "FLEUR BLUE RACER CRUISER WINNER OF 1953 OOSHIMA RACE IN FREQUENTLY TYPHOON."

I was hooked. I could see myself, bare-chested, gripping the tiller and laughing disdainfully in the teeth of a frequently typhoon. However, I tempered my native American enthusiasm with my native American business prudence, and wrote back that \$2,772 was far too much money for such a flimsy little vessel. I had noticed that the boat came equipped with such romantic-sounding but unessential doodads as a bow pulpit and jib-sheet winches, which totted up to \$183. In line with the old horse-trading theory of splitting the difference, I told Mr. Okamoto that I would be willing to do without these attractions in order to keep the price at \$2,500. In other words, I was only asking him to drop his offer to \$2,683; I then would sacrifice luxuries amounting to \$183 and—presto!—we would be back at the original figure.

This letter almost broke up our budding international friendship. Mr. Okamoto retired into the depths of his Japanese shell. A month went by. On December 12th, I sent a cablegram: "PLEASE REPLY SOONEST." I think he may have enjoyed the "soonest." A week passed. Then, on December 23rd, the long-awaited envelope, with the familiar inscrutable Buddhas on the stamps, turned up in the mailbox. I ripped open the envelope and read, "Okamoto & Son Boat Yard wishes you a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year."

During the weeks that followed, as I wrote one letter after another and received no reply, I began to develop a fatalistic Oriental understanding of the unimportance of time. On January 19th, my period of penance was not only ended but well rewarded by a letter from Mr. Okamoto. He began by apologizing politely for the "dary in repling" to my "letters and teleglam," explaining that he had been "puly bussy," what with year-end inventory and all. ("Puly," I should explain here, means "pretty" in Okamotoese.) Then he said he was sorry, but "We are puly hard cut off to \$2500 that your says... but this time we go-



ing to cut off price to \$2600 F.O.B. Yokohama. After yours please tell \$2772 before we said."

Mr. Okamoto made no mention of leaving off the bow pulpit, the jib-sheet winches, and the other attractive appurtenances. I cheerfully interpreted this to mean that he was willing to deliver the boat for \$2,600 *with* the \$183 worth of extras, instead of accepting my magnanimous offer of \$2,500 for the boat *without* the extras. To put it another way, he was saying that he couldn't possibly build the craft for \$2,683; the very best he could do was \$2,600. International understanding, I began to see, really does work both ways. I had my order in triplicate on its way by airmail before the day was out.

There was more to Mr. Okamoto's letter, such as "We can deliver for your boat end of May" and "We want to go to San Francisco and race your bay this summer." The first was disappointing, because I had dreamed of delivering in March, so that I could be sailing by springtime. The second left me nonplussed. I even thought it a little uncalled for, since I hadn't invited Mr. Okamoto to race on our bay. But such bumptiousness didn't sound like Mr. Okamoto, and I puzzled over the phrase until I cracked it: "want" means "want" in Mr. Okamoto's English. I felt as if I had discovered the Rosetta stone.

THAT letter started me on the way to becoming one of the world's few living experts on Mr. Okamoto's English. As the months followed one another and Mr. Okamoto faithfully answered my questions about equipment and details, my proficiency became astounding. Here, for the benefit of cryptographers and philologists, are some sample exercises in the rare language:

Q—Could Mr. Okamoto prepare the boat for installation of an engine?

A—"Shaft and propeller cost plus \$40 includ engine bed, please send me catrogu, and shaft through side because must to keep clear of rudder shaft."

(This is child's play: Mr. Okamoto would be glad to install the propeller, shaft, and engine mountings for an additional \$40, but I should send him a picture of the engine from a catalogue, so that he would know where to place these objects. The propeller shaft must be offset to keep it out of the way of the rudder.)

Q—Could he supply some fenders and life rings?

A—"Japanese fender is very pure,

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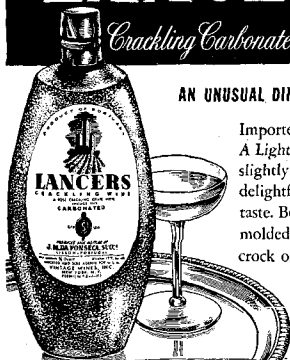


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life rings, too, you fix in stats better.”

(For the intermediate student: Japanese fenders and life rings are of very poor quality, so one would be wiser to purchase them in the United States.)

Q—How about an anchor for the boat?

A—“We have 2nd hand Dunhorse ancor from U.S. Navy that 30 Lbs. one but bigger for her but price only \$17.”

(A cunning problem, because it demanded technical knowledge—mainly the technical knowledge, acquired through a telephone call to a nearby naval base, that the United States Navy had never heard of a Dunhorse anchor. A Danforth anchor seemed the closest likelihood. The rest, of course, is a snap: A thirty-pound anchor is a bit too big for the boat, but the price is right.)

In leafing back through our correspondence of these months, I can now see clearly how international trade improves mutual understanding. Not only was I becoming an expert in reading Mr. Okamoto's English, but my own epistolary style was taking on a distinct Okamoto flavor. By March, I was nonchalantly dashing off such phrases as “Marine plywood for cabin roof O.K. I not understand ‘tyde up jib crew these cost \$15.’ Send drawing?”

Despite these intellectual adventures, March and April just barely managed to drag by. Late in April, I wrapped up and mailed off to Japan a pair of heavy bronze sea cocks, which Mr. Okamoto had suggested I buy in the United States, because Japanese sea cocks are pretty darned pure. Just being able to touch these integral parts of the boat set me up for several days.

Mr. Okamoto had promised to let me know three weeks ahead of time the name of the freighter that would carry my little boat across the Pacific. This meant, I figured happily, that I should be getting a letter by May 10th or so if he were to make delivery at the end of May, as promised. I could hardly wait. May 10th finally came. So did May 11th, 12th, 13th, 14th, 15th, 16th, 17th, 18th, 19th, 20th, 21st, 22nd, 23rd, 24th, 25th, 26th, and 27th. At 10:23 A.M. on May 28th, the postman casually dropped another air-mail letter from Japan in my mailbox. “Puly soon I can get your Sea Cocks, now through custum,” the letter read. “Puly soon I can sent to you pictur of your boat.”

Even Mr. Okamoto realized that he couldn't end the letter there, and he went on to say that he was enthusiastic about a suggestion I had made several months previously concerning a method

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LUNCHEON COCKTAILS DINNER SUPPER

of converting the cockpit into a double bed, so I could sleep above-deck on warm nights. "I like your idea," he wrote, "because summer time very nice place to sleep puly kool."

Puly kool was right. I'm afraid I forgot all those hard-learned lessons about the value of patience and understanding, and fired off my reply at 11:07 A.M., asking him bluntly when he was going to make delivery. Mr. Okamoto was evidently offended by this and didn't let out a peep all through June. I simmered and I stewed and I boiled, and on July 2nd I picked up the telephone and shouted, "Get me Japan!" It would have been a more impressive scene if my wife hadn't been standing beside me with our three-minute hourglass egg timer in her hand, ready to make signals like a radio director. And in any case the call was delayed for three days. The operator told me this was due to sunspots—further persecution, I decided. But when I did finally get through to Mr. Okamoto, the connection was as clear as a bell.

"Harro?" said Mr. Okamoto.

"Hello—Mr.—Okamoto. How—are—you?" I said carefully, my fingers tapping the telephone stand as the sands started through the egg timer.

"Fine," answered Mr. Okamoto, very distinctly. "Thank you."

"When is my boat going to be finished and what ship is it coming on?" I asked, all in one breath.

I could hear Mr. Okamoto's reply, which sounded startled, but I couldn't understand any part of it. I suddenly realized that my months of study of Mr. Okamoto's language had totally failed to prepare me for this oral exam.

"When?" I repeated.

This time, his answer was more voluble, and I did make out one word, which was "boat." The rest was gibberish.

"What?" I said.

We kept this up until the last grains of sand were sifting down. "Well," I

said resignedly, "thank you, Mr. Okamoto. It was nice talking to you."

"Thank you very much," he replied, quite clearly. "It was nice talking to you."

Perhaps the expensive transpacific telephone call did do some good, for five days later a letter arrived from Mr. Okamoto announcing that the boat would be loaded aboard a freighter in Yokohama on July 16th. Mr. Okamoto added that he was loading himself aboard an airplane the following month to come to San Francisco on business. "I have introducing letters to Mayor of San Francisco from Mayor of Yokohama," he wrote. "Can you help me. I wont see him." I replied that I would like to help but that I myself had no introducing letter to my mayor.

Well, my boat came to me, at last, and, as I remarked a little pointedly in my final letter, she was really worth waiting for. Unfortunately, she arrived without the Dun-horse anchor and the mooring rope. Since I had the boat in my possession, I figured I could afford to be bold, and I therefore mentioned the omissions, in passing, at the bottom of my letter.

Mr. Okamoto was quick to apologize. He himself had been out on a "130 miles ocean race" at the time my boat was shipped and was "very sorry my father forgot ancor and mooring rope." Not only would he make restitution, he said, but he would deliver the money to me personally on his forthcoming trip to the States. I thought this was a truly fine gesture, and Mr. Okamoto was as good as his word; he turned up in San Francisco later that month and he gave me the money when we met at last. But my favorite example of the importance of mutual understanding to international friendship lies in the last lines of that final letter from Mr. Okamoto, promising to bring my money: "I leave Japan 13th of this month. I sure wont see you. I thank you."

—ARTHUR W. HOPPE



KENNETHS

Rexroth and Patchen and Fearing—their mothers
Perhaps could distinguish their sons from the others,
But I am unable. My inner eye pictures
A three-bodied sun-lover issuing strictures,
Berating "Tom" Eliot, translating tanka,
Imbibing espresso and sneering at Sanka—
Six arms, thirty fingers, all writing abundantly
What pops into heads each named Kenneth, redundantly.

—JOHN UPDIKE

JULY 4th 1643

In the city of Wurzburg in Northern Bavaria it was a day like all days as the Thirty Years War sputtered to an end. It was hot—and *dry*. The thirsty Swedish armies had drained the wine cellars of Wurzburg to the last drop. It was a time for emergency measures. Whereupon Prince Johann Philipp Von Schonborn summarily established a Brewery. Thus the needs of the Court, the local population, and Discriminating People in America, were satisfied forever... This week-end, or any other time you want to celebrate, lift a cool, creamy glass of Prince Philipp's beer, still the reigning monarch of **imported** beers...



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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Birth and Bathos

JEAN-PAUL LE CHANOIS, who wrote the original scenario for the movie called "The Case of Dr. Laurent" and directed the piece as well, is the son of a doctor and one of the few men capable of making what amounts to an illustrated lecture on a difficult medical subject not only informative but reasonably dramatic. The theme of M. Le Chanois's work is natural childbirth—a method of parturition that is said to be, for the most part, painless, owing to the fact that



the mother has been taught to accept the spasms of delivery without fear, and to assist, through training and exercise, in the safe arrival of her baby. This sort of topic could obviously be dreary and didactic, but M. Le Chanois has handled it with a good deal of verve. While the story he uses as framing for his theme has many familiar aspects, it is, nevertheless, a pretty sturdy commodity. In the leading role, Jean Gabin is cast as a medical man newly come from Paris to a hamlet in the Alps to take over the practice of an ancient who is retiring. On arrival, he meets his confrere in the home of a woman who is having a particularly agonizing confinement. Convinced that such anguish is unnecessary, our doctor proceeds to give free talks on natural childbirth to the villagers, which gets him in bad with medicos in surrounding areas and also splits the townsfolk into pro and con factions. To show what can be done to make childbirth tolerable, M. Gabin selects as a disciple a young girl (Nicole Courcel) who has become pregnant without benefit of clergy by a handsome wastrel (Serge Davin). Now and then, Mlle. Courcel falters in her belief in M. Gabin, but at the climax, when he is being tried before a medical board for malpractice, she demonstrates, in a really remarkable scene, the merits of his theories. All this is done with hardheaded realism, but always with good taste, and M. Le Chanois, in addition to his medical investigations, has supplied us with a pleasant variety of Alpine scenery.

"THE GODDESS" is another dip into celluloid by Paddy Chayefsky, who made a moving tale of the love

life of a Bronx butcher in "Marty." Regrettably, he doesn't do anywhere near as well in this account of the frustrations of a poor Southern girl (Kim Stanley) who is destined to become a Hollywood star. To give the thing a bit of pomp and circumstance, he has divided it into three sections—"Portrait of a Girl," "Portrait of a Young Woman," and "Portrait of a Goddess." As a young girl, Mr. Chayefsky's heroine is rejected by her mother and, naturally, feels terrible. As a

young woman, she still feels terrible, but she makes a lot of time with the juveniles around town. As "The Goddess," she feels even worse, and takes to barbiturates and booze. Throughout the three episodes, she seldom shuts her mouth, and the things she has to say ("What does being in love feel like?" for example) are of no particular moment; the fact that Miss Stanley employs one of those kittenish Southern accents to say them in doesn't help matters at all. Among the gentlemen in the life of this triptych are a rural adolescent (drolly played by Burt Brinckerhoff), a movie star's mixed-up son (Steve Hill), and an ex-boxing champion (Lloyd Bridges). She wouldn't have had to go far to do better.

—JOHN MCCARTEN

WASHINGTON, June 25—Neil H. McElroy bowed to Senator Richard B. Russell today and offered written assurance that no military chief would be punished for opposing President Eisenhower on Pentagon reorganization.

The Secretary of Defense reserved, however, the right to be "disappointed or regretful" whenever such opposition occurred.—*The Times*.

Can he be "petulant" when the air-conditioner breaks down?

In making his announcement, Mr. Kresel released this statement in the name of the Annual Awards Committee of the School:

"Mrs. Podell has been one of the pillars of the New Haven Hebrew Day School and has earned the platitudes of her host of co-workers.—*Hartford (Conn.) Jewish Ledger*.

A born phrasemaker, this Kresel.

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How to place an olive correctly in a martini

This is a problem that comes up frequently . . . and it is not to be fobbed off irresponsibly with a reply like "suspend over glass and plop."

The method of travel is not the issue, but rather, the bath at the end of the plunge. The proper way to place an olive in a martini is to place it in one made with Seagram's gin. (Lemons will agree to this, too, and so will onions.)

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Ordinary gins have neither the proof nor the patience for creating such an atmosphere of luxury.

Next time you make a martini, use Seagram's gin, with maybe a little vermouth for laughs. Then suspend an olive between thumb and forefinger over the glass and drop, plop, or plunge, as you will.

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BOOKS

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

NAKED UNDER CAPRICORN, by Olaf Ruhen (Lippincott). Mr. Ruhen has written a brilliantly alive and convincing account of one aspect of life in Australia in the early part of this century, but his work is not a novel, because his hero, Davis Marriner, never becomes more than a symbol of the white man, or pioneer, finding adventure and making his fortune in a wild country inhabited only by an aboriginal people. The fact that Marriner is a "good" white man makes no difference at all to his role in the book, for what Mr. Ruhen wants to record is simply the fact that with the arrival of the white man—any white man, good or bad—the fate of the Australian natives was sealed for the worse.

TWO WOMEN, by Alberto Moravia (Farrar, Straus & Cudahy). A morose and lengthy study of the moral degeneration of two beautiful Italian women—a mother and her daughter—both of whom give proof of the old truth that gloomy, self-obsessed people make dull companions, even when they are sinning, no matter how resolutely. It is a wartime story, set in Italy.

THE BARFORD CAT AFFAIR, by P. H. H. Bryan (Abelard-Schuman). Those who admire and like cats will find a good deal to divert them in this tale of the persecuted cats of Barford, in England, who turn against their tormentors in a great mass movement of fur, tooth, and claw and win a victory that establishes them once and for all time in their chosen place as respected, useful, and even cherished household figures. Mr. Bryan has an amiable, if bloodthirsty, imagination.

GENERAL

PRIVATE, by Lester Atwell (Simon & Schuster). A long, meticulous, almost day-by-day record, written in a clocklike, matter-of-fact prose, of the seven months (December, 1944, to June, 1945) that the author spent in Europe as a thirty-six-year-old American combat infantryman attached to the medics. Mr. Atwell begins where the celebrated Mauldin-Pyle composite portrait of the aver-

age American soldier as an indomitable, stubbly seriocomic left off, by demonstrating that most of the civilian soldiers were, like their peers in all wars, fearful, fumbling, negligent, and even stupid, and that after a time they settled into a cataleptic compound of boredom, sleeplessness, fatigue, hunger, and a general low-grade misery that had nothing what-

ever to do with principles. Bravery, indeed, was often either accidental or a desperate, unconscious rebellion against this comatose level of existence. As a result, his book makes most of the writing—fact and fiction—about the Second

World War seem like the works of Arthur M. Winfield. An important human document.

THE AMERICAN EARTHQUAKE, by Edmund Wilson (Doubleday). A selection of over a hundred short, generally non-literary articles written by Mr. Wilson between 1923 and 1934, two-thirds of them taken from earlier collections and the rest from previously uncollected magazine pieces. The book is subtitled "A Documentary of the Twenties and Thirties," and, in an oblique way, it is very nearly that. There are several ironic short stories; brief, isolated descriptive paragraphs, usually on nature or on New York City; passages of prose poetry (on New Orleans, for instance) that sometimes slip over into a rather blowzy Surrealism; critical pieces on the Ziegfeld Follies, Chaplin, plays, architecture, and Stravinsky; and, finally, reports, done in a pleasantly lumbering, mildly barbed way, of Congressional investigations, criminal trials, various labor movements, Los Angeles, Eisenstein in America, the slums of Chicago, and much more. Here and there, the author has written postscript paragraphs on such matters as the melancholy story of what became of all the film footage that Eisenstein shot in Mexico (and what became of Eisenstein himself after his return to Russia), and on Sherwood Anderson, Alfred Stieglitz, and F.D.R. Indeed, these terse, light-footed addenda seem to sharpen and brighten the often heavy, crusading air of much of the original material—which nonetheless



provides a remarkable demonstration of the enormous amount of curiosity and work that has gone into the making of a really first-rate writer and critical intelligence.

OPERATION SEA LION: GERMAN PLANS FOR THE INVASION OF ENGLAND, 1939-42, by Ronald Wheatley (Oxford). This study, which forms a part of the official United Kingdom history of the Second World War, is solidly based on pertinent data recorded in the captured German archives. As such, it must be accepted as the definitive work on Hitler's ill-conceived and reluctantly abandoned dream of adding Britain to his European empire. It is also, considering its academic origin, surprisingly crisp and readable. Photographs and maps, including a reproduction of General Busch's own Operationskarte England Nr. 4.

SPAIN: A MODERN HISTORY, by Salvador de Madariaga (Praeger). A large, serious, illuminating history by the well-known Spanish intellectual who served in the diplomatic corps of the Spanish Republic from 1931 to 1936. Madariaga traces the recurrent pattern of Spanish history—periods of stability and growth that have never lasted quite long enough, alternating with periods of violence and repression—and since he loves his country, his delight is in what Spain has been able to achieve in every field in her short periods of freedom. Thus, the civil war of 1936-39 and Franco's regime since then seem comprehensible, pattern-conforming phenomena—but still tragic, because of the unknown possibilities they have smothered.

FROM THE N. R. F., edited and with an introduction and notes by Justin O'Brien (Farrar, Straus & Cudahy). The *N. R. F.* is the *Nouvelle Revue Française*, the internationally celebrated literary journal whose fiction, poetry, and criticism set the influential tone of French literature between the World Wars. In preparing this collection, Mr. O'Brien has confined himself to essays, assuming, understandably, that the best of the stories, novels, and poems first published in the *N. R. F.* are already well known to the world. His selections—forty-five in all, by almost as many writers—make an impressive showing: Malraux on D. H. Lawrence, Jean Prévost on Mauriac, Mauriac on Bourdet's "The Captive," Gide on Dada, Jules Romains on psychoanalysis, Charles Du Bos, Valéry Larbaud, Gaston Gallimard, and Albert



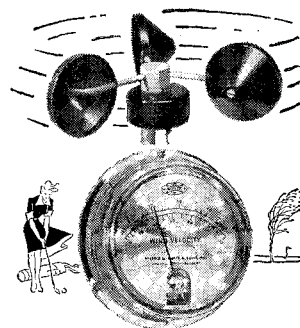
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Thibaudet on Proust, Valéry on art, Jacques Rivière on literature. They also tell us much about France in the twenties and thirties. The translations, all made specifically for this book, are by various people, including Mr. O'Brien.

SHAW ON THEATRE, edited by E. J. West (Hill & Wang). This is a new collection of Shaw's writings on the theatre, which supplements the three volumes of his dramatic reviews. The greater part of the material was written between 1898, when Shaw ceased to be the critic of the *Saturday Review*, and 1950, the year of his death. The pieces include essays on censorship, on the drama of social criticism, and on Shakespeare's text and Shakespearean acting; letters to actors on their problems; and papers on the difficulties of directing and on the financial side of the theatre. Shaw the critic is at his best on the theatre, and this volume is delightful—one of the best of the Shaw publications that have been brought out since his death. In our rather crepuscular time, it is enlivening, but makes one wistful, to read of an era in the theatre when so much was being planned and hoped for.

THE DEATH OF MANOLETE, by Barnaby Conrad (Houghton Mifflin). A somewhat simple-minded but nevertheless intensely moving cinematic portrait, composed of photographs, with stepping stones of text, that depicts the galvanic rise, the short, uneasy years of triumph, and the almost suicidal end of Manuel Laureano Rodríguez y Sánchez in the bull ring at Linares on August 29, 1947. The pictures are the work of a number of gifted hands, and some of them are absolutely hair-raising.

The Yankees said "next" to the Barber yesterday. They announced the sale of Sal Maglie to the Cardinals. The 41-year-old right-hander returned to his old and familiar National League for a fee "slightly over the waiver price" of \$20,000. Maglie, one must remember, doesn't work for collie wages. Indeed, he earned upwards of \$20,000 per as a Yankee.—*The Mirror*.

Even after taxes, it tops Lassie any day in the week.

ANSWERS TO HARD QUESTIONS

[From the Chicago Tribune]

Mrs. F. writes: Can premature babies marry?

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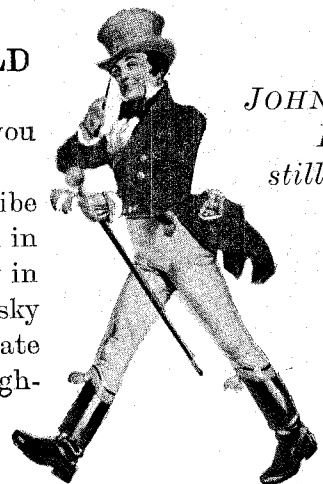
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